

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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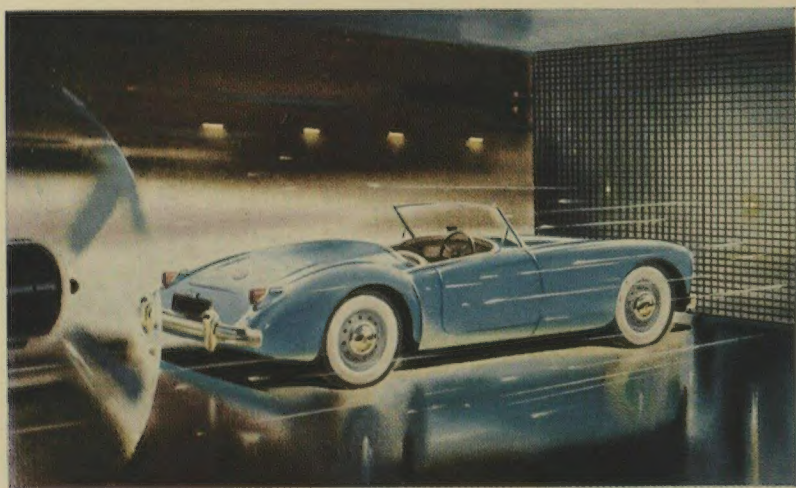
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BP FUELS NORWAY'S FISHING FLEETS

THESE NORWEGIAN fishing boats are often out in the fishing grounds for weeks on end, covering many hundreds of miles during their stay at sea. On their return to their home fiords, the catch is landed, nets are repaired, and at places all along Norway's coasts BP oil fuel is pumped into the boats' fuel tanks.

The BP Shield is a familiar sight from the Arctic to the Antarctic. At sea, on land and in the air, BP makes an ever-growing contribution to the work and well-being of mankind.



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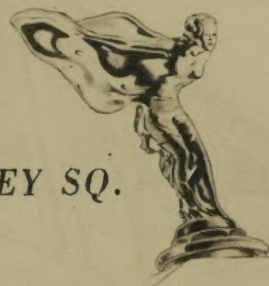
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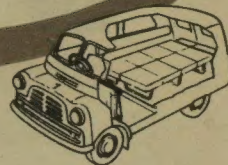
Thousands of owners are enjoying the advantages of the all-round convertible Dormobile. Why not you?

Save hotel bills, and holiday where you will, with this 7-seater tourer that turns into a roomy bedroom containing two single beds (or one double) with ample dressing space. For an extra bedroom or bathing annex a tent can be fitted to the rear.

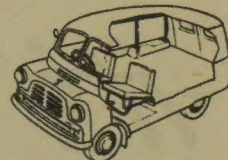
And remember, the Dormobile is converted just as easily into a smart van for goods carrying, a family car or a light bus. We will gladly send full particulars of the DORMOBILE Tent on application.

Insist on the genuine Martin Walter conversion. Full particulars from any Bedford dealer or the designers, Martin Walter Ltd.

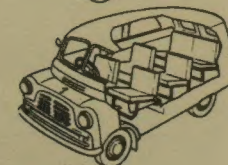
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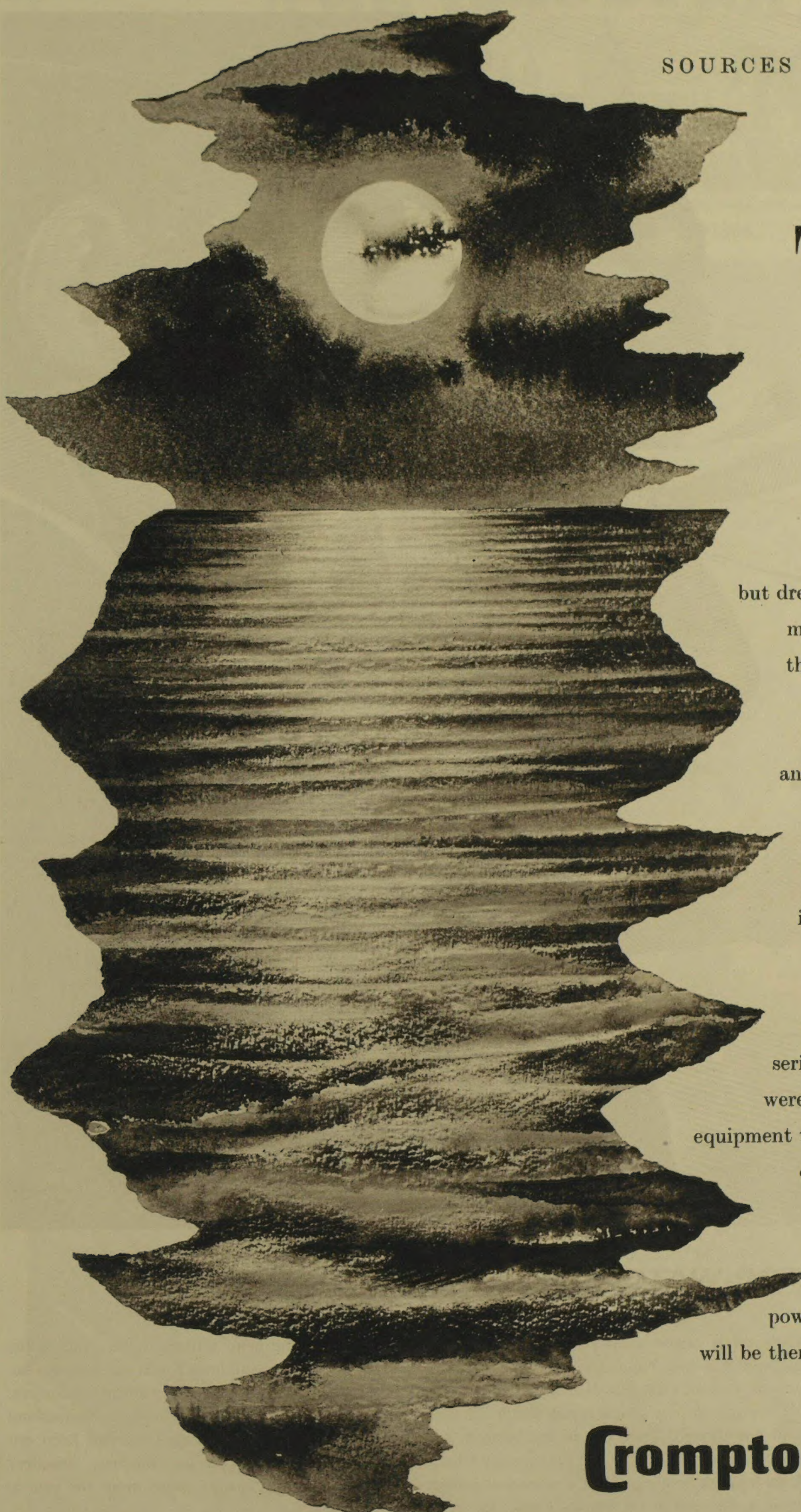
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SOURCES OF POWER



The Tides

Man, who knows how small a stream will drive his mill or his loom, cannot but dream when he looks at those monstrous masses of moving water, the tides. Now that he knows how to turn water power into electricity, the notion of harnessing tidal power has grown into an obsession. "Only think," it reiterates.

"Only think of unlimited power, at no fuel cost whatsoever!"

Now, thanks to vast improvements in building and mechanical techniques, this ambitious dream may well be a fact of the near future.

Before tidal power could be seriously considered, Crompton Parkinson were developing and making machines and equipment to conduct and moderate, measure and control electricity everywhere from the generator to the switch. And whatever means be used in the future to produce electrical power, Crompton Parkinson, still pioneers, will be there equipped to put it through its paces.

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First you have a simple wrist-watch—a very good one though. Press one of the buttons, and it becomes a stop-watch; the sweep second hand starts from 12, moving $\frac{1}{5}$ of a second at a time. Press again, the hand stops. Press the other

button and the hand returns to 12. And all the time, the minute and hour hands tick serenely on.

Get a good jeweller to demonstrate one for you. See the other wonderful watches from Switzerland—watches that wind themselves, that keep out damp and dust, calendar watches, jewellery watches . . . and many, many more for you to choose from.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

Time is the art of the Swiss

Go to a jeweller, who provides full servicing. Get an expert to help you choose your watch, and he'll look after it for you all through its long life.

SWISS FEDERATION OF

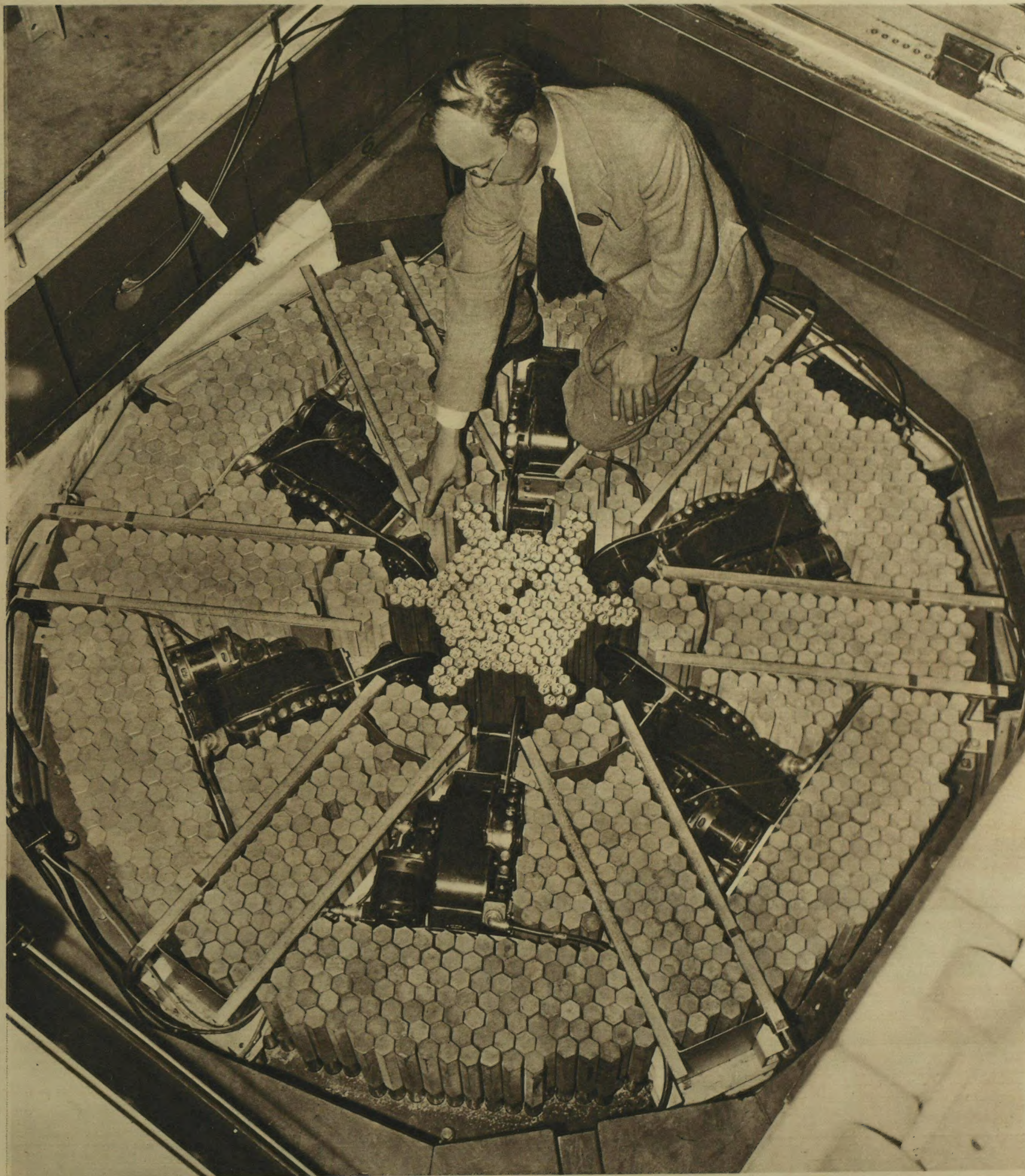


WATCH MANUFACTURERS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1956.



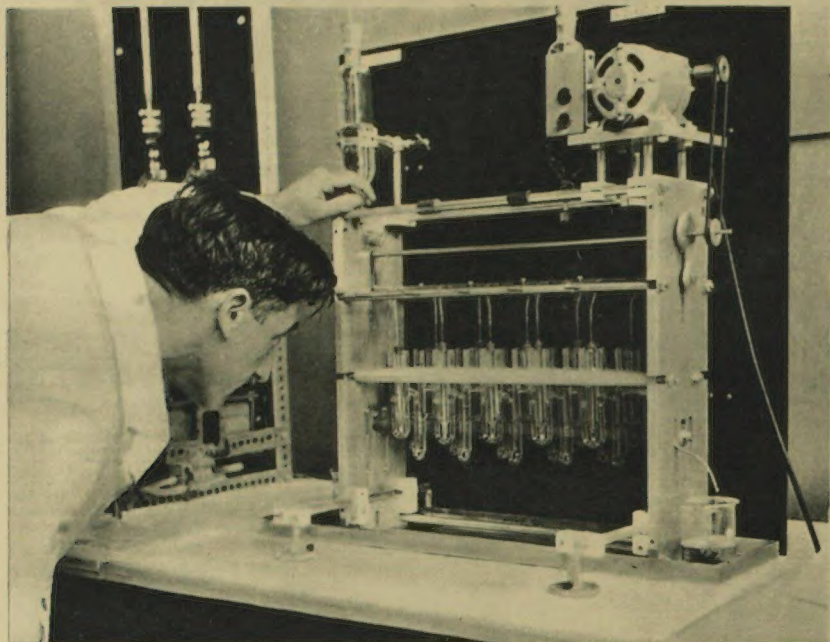
A PATTERN OF POWER FOR THE FUTURE: ONE OF THE ATOMIC REACTORS AT HARWELL. ROUND THE CORE OF ENRICHED URANIUM, WORTH SEVERAL MILLION POUNDS, ARE THE BLANKET ELEMENTS OF NATURAL URANIUM.

To celebrate its tenth anniversary, the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell was opened to members of the Press, Members of Parliament and visitors from universities from May 29 to June 1. During the visits, information was given about the tests which have been carried out to measure the increase in radio-activity resulting from recent nuclear explosions. The increase is said to be small compared to the amount of

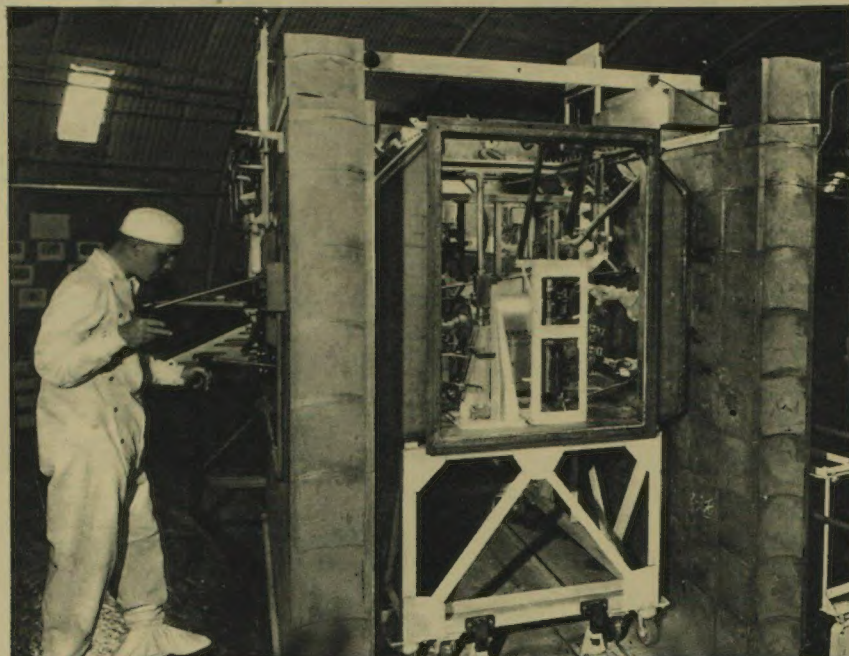
radiation to which people are permanently exposed, but no information was given as to the biological harm which might be caused by even this small increase. A report on the subject is shortly to be made by a committee of the Medical Research Council. Although radio-active matter from recent explosions has been falling to earth, much of the debris from the thermo-nuclear explosions remains suspended in the stratosphere.

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SCIENTISTS AT WORK: ATOMIC TECHNIQUES IN USE AT HARWELL.



SEPARATING URANIUM FROM WASTE PRODUCTS: A MEMBER OF THE HARWELL STAFF WATCHING MINIATURE SOLVENT SEPARATING EQUIPMENT. TO THE LAYMAN, THE MOST UNDERSTANDABLE ITEMS TO BE SEEN WERE THE NOTICES WARNING OF RADIATION HAZARDS.

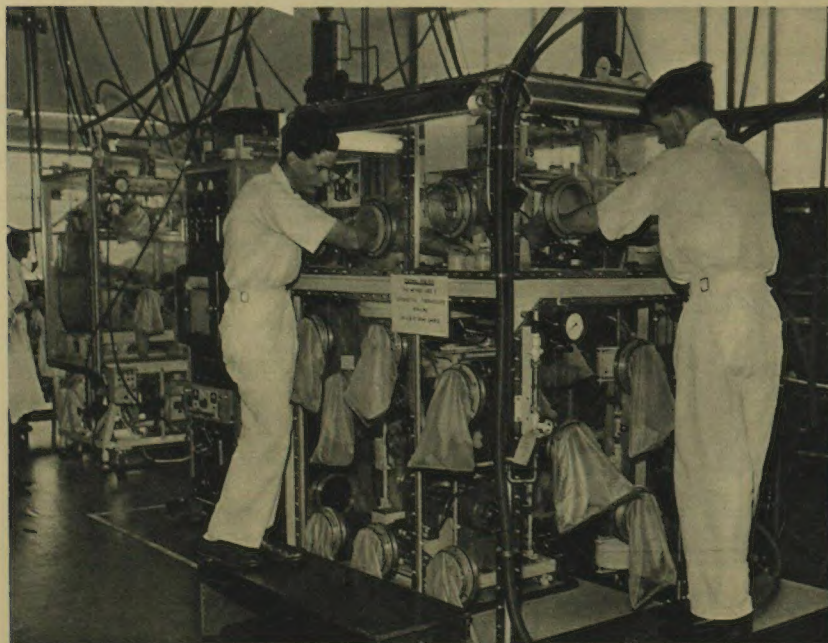
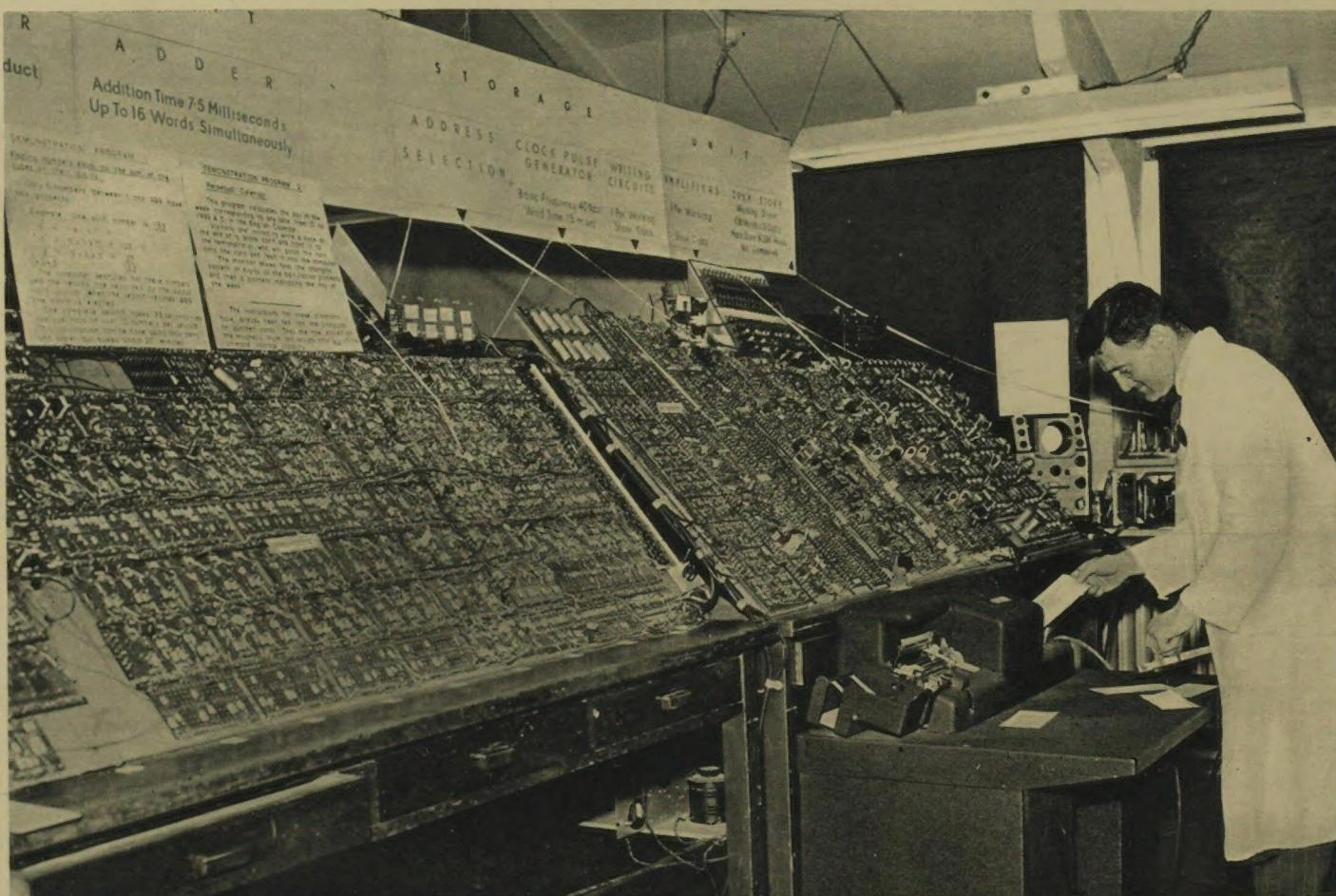


HANDLING RADIO-ACTIVE MATERIAL: AN ASSISTANT EXPERIMENTAL OFFICER OPERATING REMOTE-CONTROL EQUIPMENT.

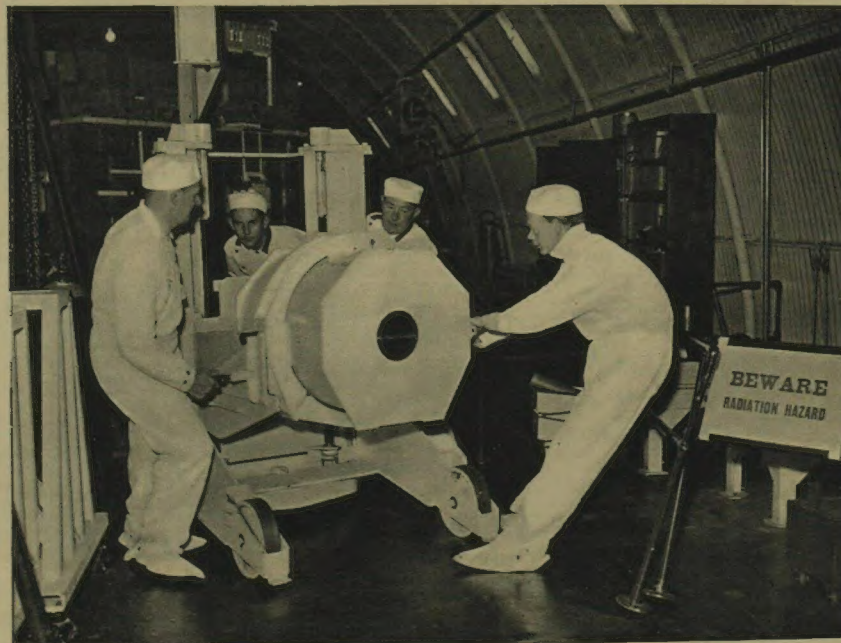
AMONG the subjects of research at Harwell are the reactors for the power stations of the future. At present two types of reactor are being experimented with to determine which shall be used in succession to that being used at Calder Hall. Another type of reactor, which was seen during the visits to Harwell last week, was a "breeder" reactor. Although practical difficulties for this type have not yet been overcome, it is hoped that finally it will enable atomic power to be generated more cheaply than is at present possible. The Harwell

[Continued below.]

RIGHT: FOR WORKING OUT AWKWARD CALCULATIONS QUICKLY: HARWELL'S ELECTRONIC COMPUTER, NICKNAMED "THE CADET," WHICH CAN DO INVOLVED CALCULATIONS EXTREMELY RAPIDLY.



GLOVES WITH A DIFFERENCE: TO AVOID THE DANGERS OF RADIATION, PLUTONIUM IS ANALYSED AND WEIGHED IN THIS ILLUMINATED CASE FITTED WITH PROTECTIVE GLOVES.

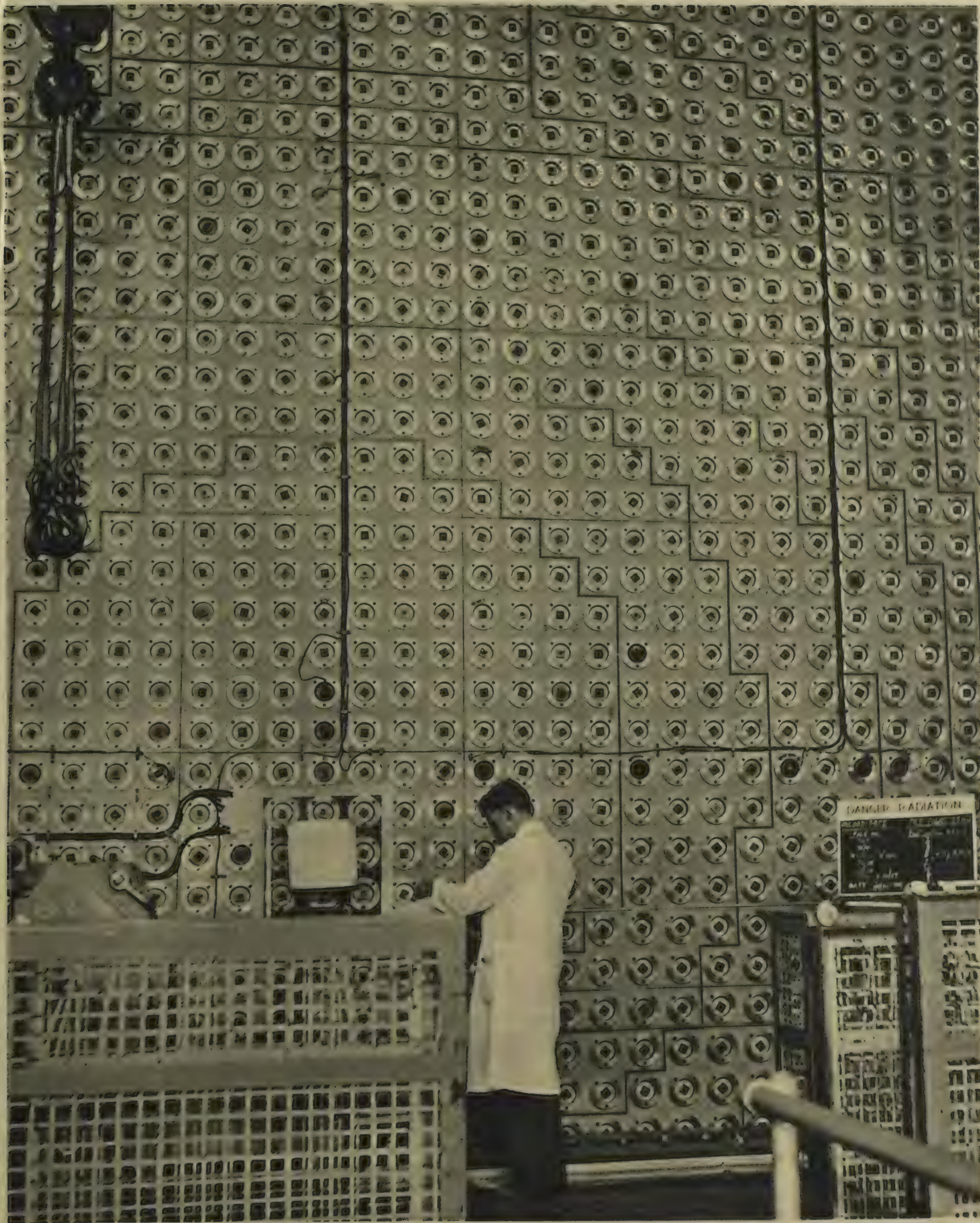


DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION: WORKERS AT HARWELL MOVING A "COFFIN" OF IRRADIATED FUEL. POTENTIAL FUELS FOR REACTORS ARE THE SUBJECT OF EXTENSIVE RESEARCH.

[Continued.]

atomic research establishment was opened to visitors last week to mark its tenth anniversary. It is interesting to note that only a few days before, it was announced that the first atomic power station, that at Calder

Hall, would start generating electricity, and at about the same time both Britain and the United States exploded their latest nuclear devices in the Pacific. Thus, the occasion was a milestone in other respects also.



INSIDE HARWELL: "BEPO," A GENERAL-PURPOSE ATOMIC REACTOR, WITH ONE OF THE SCIENTIST-OPERATIVES.

The reactor "Beppo" is used for various kinds of research work and for the practical purpose of producing radio-active isotopes. Among the subjects of research are the problems connected with the types of fuel and the design for the reactors which will be used as the power stations of the future. One of the difficulties holding up progress, according to Sir John Cockcroft, F.R.S., Director of Harwell, is the shortage of reactors in which new materials can be tested. Three new reactors are therefore being built at Harwell and at

Dounreay, in Scotland. Design studies for these are being carried out in reactors at Harwell. Other causes of the present "bottleneck" in research are the shortage of scientific workers and the great expense of equipment now required. There are reports from the United States and Russia of atom-smashing machines which might cost up to £40,000,000 each. It was stated that although in "high energy" physics Britain is being left behind, in the generation of power from nuclear energy she is holding her own.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I WAS much interested the other day by an article by that stimulating and provocative writer, the Editor of *Punch*—though not in that journal itself—arguing the thesis that Britain is now a second-rate Power and that her rulers and people ought to recognise the fact and cut their small-town coat to their cloth. This is not, of course, a particularly original thesis, for many people to-day hold it, both in Britain and outside. Whether it is true, only events can show. Certainly Britain's strength, and as a result her influence in the world, are much less than they used to be at the beginning of the century, though this, when one analyses it, is due almost entirely to three things. The first of these is the popular belief, deeply ingrained in the present generation of British folk, that, while national self-assertion and expansionism are praiseworthy in, say, Greeks, Egyptians, Russians, Indians—though not for some inexplicable reason in Pakistanis!—Arabs, Moors and many others, it is wholly reprehensible indeed in Britons. The second is the replacement of sea-power, or rather of the sea-weapon with which to command the sea, by a combination of air-power and sea-power and the invention and discovery of new explosive forces that bring this small, overcrowded island, as it were—and for that matter the whole of

living statesmen, the one an Englishman and the other an Indian, who are most associated with these two rival but beneficent political ideals, Winston Churchill and Pandit Nehru, were both educated at the same English school. As the song has it,

None so narrow
The range of Harrow!

Where do we go from here? Great Britain, and its Commonwealth and remaining Empire—and it is still, both geographically and numerically speaking, immense—are in a state of rapid transition and flux like the rest of the world, a transition due to immense scientific and technical innovations and to the impact of two calamitous world wars. It is interesting here also to reflect how much more calamitous, but for Britain, the impact of those two wars on the world's future would have been. This country is no longer the undisputed policeman of three-quarters of the globe, as in the halcyon days of Jackie Fisher and Lord Roberts—the days when "Land of Hope and Glory" had not only an emotional, but an intellectual content. Yet I am not convinced that Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge is right in his assumption that because this is so, Britain is no longer and ought no longer to essay the

rôle of a great Power. Apart from the awkward fact that if we abandon any further attempt to fulfil this rôle we shall almost certainly starve, even if we escape being atomised, owing to the fact that in our nineteenth-century heyday we trustfully and improvidently concentrated in this island a far greater population than we could support from its own soil, and so made our future dependent on our control of sea communications and global trade, it seems that the human future is going to be very much affected by the degree to which Great Britain is willing and able, as in the past, to contribute its full potential to the task of policing and preserving the peace of mankind. And the world's good order and peace can never be preserved—the great lesson of the 'thirties—merely by talking about it. It can only be preserved by the exercise of the kind of virtues and discipline that were shown by the simple British and British-Indian seamen and soldiers who preserved the peace of mankind in the days of Charlie Beresford and "Bobs," and by their successors who did so much to restore it on the battlefields of 1914-18 and 1939-45. Even more, perhaps, than its contri-

FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.



TALKING TO ONE OF THE OLDEST PENSIONERS: FIELD MARSHAL EARL ALEXANDER, AND A NINETY-ONE-YEAR-OLD PENSIONER, SERGEANT JONES.

On May 30 the traditional Founder's Day Parade was held at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea—a day late because of a rehearsal for the Queen's Birthday Parade held the day before. Field Marshal Earl Alexander inspected the parade. The Pensioners were each presented with a sprig of oak—a memorial of the Royal Founder's escape in the Boscobel oak—and for luncheon received Christmas pudding and an extra pint of beer.

they lit were fought and extinguished before they had become too great for the peace of mankind by the British-Indian Army transported and supported by the Royal Navy. All the loose talk and thinking, so prevalent and popular to-day, about the evils of colonisation overlook this elementary historical fact. The British Empire—I use the word to distinguish it from the Commonwealth—during its comparatively short existence, for it only operated effectively in this way for just over 100 years, was principally a police system for preserving peace over a large area of the globe. Whatever may be said about that Empire's other achievements or lack of achievements, it was by far the most peaceful century in human annals. It was also the century in which the ideals which we associate with human well-being and progress seemed to be gaining ground everywhere and in which it seemed most possible to take an optimistic view of the human future. I sometimes wonder whether history will not, rightly or wrongly, attribute more prescience to Winston Churchill for his unsuccessful attempt to preserve the British Empire in India than to his successful attempt to awaken and rally his countrymen to the necessity of resisting and destroying the second of the two twentieth-century attempts of the German people and their rulers to conquer and enslave mankind. I hope not, but it will depend largely on the extent to which the new rulers of India can inculcate in their people the very civil virtues to which its British rulers introduced a formerly anarchic Indian sub-continent—justice, tempered liberty, the rule of law and the determination to enforce it, toleration and individual self-restraint in matters political. It is curious, and not a little ironical, that the two

bution of parliamentary institutions, this country's greatest service to mankind in the past two centuries has been, I believe, its arduous, perilous and often rather thankless task of putting out conflagrations. Would Mr. Muggeridge, himself an ardent idealist and humanitarian—as his courageous, if possibly untimely, championship of the oppressed Poles, Latvians, Lithuanians and Estonians proves—have us no longer essay this task? For I cannot believe he is right when he maintains that Great Britain should now, recognising change, abdicate her historic function after twice saving human freedom in his and my lifetime by the courage, constancy and self-discipline of her people and the quality of her political and military leadership. She could do so, of course, and there are many who, like Mr. Muggeridge, are arguing out of the highest motives, that she ought to do so. But there is little reason for supposing that her people, given the right leadership—and, I would suggest, a little faith in their own obligation and capacity to do their duty—have lost the innate virtues, the result of centuries of political experience and of living under wise institutions, that have again and again enabled them to preserve and restore peace and order in a troubled world, and one which, because of the frailty and passion of our human natures and the weakness and folly of our human intelligences, is always in peril of lapsing into strife and anarchy. Some words used by Field Marshal Lord Alexander at this year's Founder's Day Parade at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, sum up, I feel, the truth of the matter. "So long as our people continue to dedicate themselves to a life of devotion to duty, the British nation will remain a leading Power in world affairs."



THE SCHOOL EIGHT AT PRACTICE ON THE RIVER. WINCHESTER HAS SECURED FOR ITSELF AND KEPT A RESPECTED PLACE AMONG THE ROWING SCHOOLS.

AN ANCIENT PUBLIC SCHOOL WHICH HAS LAUNCHED AN APPEAL FOR FUNDS: WINCHESTER COLLEGE.



A GAME OF CRICKET ON MEADS, THE FIELD ADJOINING COLLEGE. MUSEUM CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



MORNING CHAPEL: THE PREFECT OF HALL READING THE LESSON TO THE ASSEMBLED BOYS AND MASTERS. THE CHAPEL WAS CONSECRATED IN 1395.



BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY CHANTRY CHAPEL BUILT INSIDE A CLOISTER: FROMOND'S CHANTRY; NOW A CHAPEL FOR JUNIORS.

One of England's most ancient public schools is William of Wykeham's Winchester College, which was founded in 1394 and still occupies its original site. In our issue of May 5, Sir Arthur Bryant wrote of the great Winchester tradition, and said "perhaps the richest of all England's historic treasures—and certainly those which can contribute most to the rebuilding of her future—are her ancient educational institutions." Winchester College, with its five and a half centuries of tradition, and its claim to be the oldest

independent school in the land, finds itself to-day in urgent need of £300,000 to spend on the preservation and improvement of school buildings, staff houses and boarding-houses, the provision of additional playing fields, and improvements to the water supply. A further £200,000 is required by way of general endowment. Accordingly, an appeal for £500,000 was launched on May 4 by an independent committee of distinguished Old Wykehamists under the chairmanship of Mr. A. W. Tuke, chairman of Barclays Bank, Ltd.

PRESERVING ENGLAND'S GREAT HERITAGE: WINCHESTER COLLEGE'S CURRENT APPEAL.



(Left) UNDER HALL STAIRS: THE PORTRAIT OF THE BIZARRE BUT POPULAR FIGURE, "THE TRUSTY SERVANT," WHOSE "POKER'S SMUT NOT NICE IN DIET SHEWS, THE PAD-LOCK SHUT NO SECRETS HE'LL DISCLOSE . . ."

(Right) IN COLLEGE HALL: BEFORE THE MEAL STARTS THE PREFECTS FORM A CIRCLE IN THE CENTRE AND THE PREFECT OF HALL RECITES GRACE, THE OTHER "MEN" STAND WITH ARMS FOLDED.



ENTERING THE WAR MEMORIAL CLOISTER: TWO "MEN" REVERENTLY "TIP HATS" IN SALUTE TO THE DEAD OF TWO WARS.



LIFE AT WINCHESTER ON A SUMMER'S DAY: JUNIOR CRICKET ON LAVENDAR MEADS. THOSE WAITING THEIR TURN TO BAT SIT ON A BENCH BENEATH A CHESTNUT TREE.



(Left) THE PREFECTS IN FEARON'S HOUSE. EACH HOUSE HAS A COMMON-ROOM WHICH IS SET ASIDE FOR USE BY THE HOUSE PREFECTS.

(Right) A DORMITORY IN FEARON'S HOUSE. FOR WORK THE SCHOOL IS DIVIDED INTO FOUR—JUNIOR PART, MIDDLE PART, SENIOR PART AND SIXTH BOOK.



ON this page, and other pages, we show in a series of photographs a few aspects of daily school life at Winchester College, which has launched an appeal for funds. Though every ancient school has special words and customs of its own, the Notions of Winchester are justly famous, since they are unique in their number and their interest, although their use—or at any rate, the insistence upon it—came in much more recently than is commonly supposed. In his book entitled "Winchester College," Mr. J. D'E. Firth writes: "The Notion, for example, which everybody knows—the use of 'man' for boy—did not exist in Fearon's schooldays and made Moberly [headmaster from 1835-1866] laugh when he first heard it in the 'ladies.'" A few words of great antiquity are still retained—"continent" and "abroad" as meaning confined to or released from the sickroom; a "baulk" for a rumour; to "sport" for to offer or exhibit; "thick" for stupid, and so on. The verb 'galvanize' (now believed to be obsolete) arose from a practical joke played in Commoners, in which a hole was



(Left) IN HIS CORNER OF SEVENTH CHAMBER IN COLLEGE: ANTHONY B. SWANWICK, PREFECT OF HALL, IN HIS "TOYS." THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH MARBLE PLAQUES WHICH BEAR THE NAMES OF PAST MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL.

(Right) HEADMASTER OF WINCHESTER SINCE 1954: MR. H. D. P. LEE STANDING BY THE COLLEGE CREST WHICH INCLUDES THE BISHOP'S MITRE OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM. BENEATH IS THE MOTTO FOR WHICH THE SCHOOL IS SO WELL KNOWN—"MANNERS MAKE THE MAN."



GOING "UP TO BOOKS" IN FLINT COURT. THE SPECIAL WORDS AND CUSTOMS, CALLED "NOTIONS" AT WINCHESTER, ARE UNIQUE IN THEIR NUMBER, INTEREST AND FAME.



SCHOLARS LEAVING THE SCHOOL THROUGH OUTER GATE. THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN DATES FROM c. 1394.



(Left) READING GAMES NOTICES "AFTER SCHOOL. FOR FOOTBALL WINCHESTER IS DIVIDED INTO COLLEGE, COMMONERS, AND HOUSES.

(Right) TOYTIME IN SEVENTH CHAMBER: "MEN" STUDY IN THEIR "TOYS"—THE WOODEN COMPARTMENTS IN WHICH THEY KEEP BOOKS AND THEIR OTHER BELONGINGS.



bored through a man's 'Toys' (wooden compartments) and a needle passed through the hole and the man's 'Baker' (cushion). The needle was later pulled upwards, from a safe distance, into the body above with galvanic effect! Winchester College possesses a fine range of mediæval buildings and some of the most perfect architecture to be found at any school in England. Gradual additions and improvements have not been allowed to destroy the mediæval aspect of the school, and the splendid tradition begun by William of Wykeham has been maintained unusually well through the centuries by his successors. Chamber Court, which forms the central quadrangle, has changed but little since the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the buildings surrounding this quadrangle the seventy scholars on the foundation have always lived and worked. The Commoners are divided into Houses, containing about forty boys each. In the lobby adjoining the kitchen hangs the portrait of 'The Trusty Servant,' a bizarre but popular figure of a porker.

LIFE AT WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM'S
SCHOOL: WINCHESTER COLLEGE—
WHERE "MANNERS MAKYTH MAN."



BUILT AS A MEMORIAL TO THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLLEGE: MUSEUM, WHICH DATES FROM THE QUINCENTENARY CELEBRATED IN 1893.



AVAILING HIMSELF OF A PRIVILEGE ACCORDED TO THIRD AND FOURTH YEAR "MEN": A WYKEHAMIST SITTING IN CHAMBER COURT.



INSIDE MOBERLY LIBRARY WHICH CONTAINS MANY ANCIENT BOOKS AND RELICS OF COLLEGE LIFE. IT IS NAMED AFTER DR. MOBERLY, WHO WAS ONE OF THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY HEADMASTERS.



WHERE ALL THE TEACHING TOOK PLACE UNTIL THE ERECTION OF "SCHOOL" IN 1687: SEVENTH CHAMBER WHICH IS REPUTED TO BE THE ONLY FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SCHOOL BUILDING NOW EXISTING.

The enormous burdens which our public schools now have to shoulder are reflected in the appeal which Winchester College has launched for £500,000. In the more than five and a half centuries of its existence this is the first occasion that Winchester has had to launch a general appeal, with the exception of the two War Memorial Appeals, which were for special objects. The appeal is aimed chiefly at Old Wykehamists, but it is hoped that there may

be others who are willing to respond. Donations should be sent to The Winchester College Appeal Committee, c/o Barclays Bank, Ltd., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.3. Fees at Winchester which were £116 in 1892, and £210 at the outbreak of World War II, have since had to be increased and are now going up to £387. The school had 450 boys before the war, and now has 520, but this figure cannot be much increased in the existing buildings.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PROBABLE HISTORY OF THE EARTH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

EXACTLY how many different kinds of animals there are in the world to-day is very much of a guess. The number known to science could, of course, be counted, but it would be a laborious task, with too little reward at the end of it to make it worth anyone's while. In any event, it would not include those yet to be made known and catalogued. So we find that estimates, on the rare occasions that these are attempted, vary between 1,000,000 and 10,000,000. The lower of these is an under-estimate, since the number of different insects alone, taking only those that have been recorded, probably amounts to 1,000,000.

The span of time that has elapsed since life first appeared on the earth is generally accepted as 1,500,000,000 years. What numbers of species have arisen and died out within that time is beyond any counting. We can only catch occasional glimpses of the figures. Richard Carrington, in "A Guide to Earth History" (Chatto and Windus; 21s.), tells us: "Here, on the Karoo [of South Africa], there is a vast natural reptilian cemetery occupying an area of 200,000 square miles. Over 1200 different kinds of fossil reptiles have already been discovered there, and it is estimated that the total number of skeletons entombed in these deposits may approach the altogether fantastic figure of eight hundred thousand million."

To return to the present day, there is not a single species about which everything is known. On the contrary, there is not a species around which there is not much that is speculative, theoretical—even incorrect. If this is so for the beasts we can see and touch, that we can watch alive and examine dead, how much more uncertain must be our knowledge of those known to us only by their remains.

Anyone presenting a history of the earth, as Carrington does, must gather into his narrative materials from the fields of astronomy, geology, biology, anthropology and a few other vast fields of study. Each field is as extensive, and in most our knowledge is as unsure, as the one dealing solely with animals, which has been briefly surveyed in these opening paragraphs. The author who is prepared to outline such a narrative within the compass of a book of 80,000 words must do two things: he must rely on the information and the opinions of a number of specialists; and he must take his courage in both hands. Anyone who, in these days of intense specialisation, seeks to present the findings of science to the general reader must do likewise. The situation reminds me of the story concerning a writer of a century or two ago. I do not remember who he was, but the story runs that when accused of plagiarism he replied that he had taken the milk from many cows but the cheese he had made was his own. Mr. Carrington has done this, also. Let me make it clear that I am not suggesting he has plagiarised, merely that he has drawn his milk from many sources and presented us with a cheese of his own making. He may have overlooked one or two important cows, and some of the milk may have been slightly curdled before reaching him. He has also imparted his selected flavour to the cheese itself, but, taken as a whole, his book represents a fair picture of modern scientific opinion on the history of this earth. Indeed, picture is the appropriate word, for

Carrington draws his scenes vividly, in which task he is ably assisted by the artist, Maurice Wilson. He does well, however, to entitle it "A Guide to Earth History." Except that long titles are not now acceptable, he might have called it "A Guide to the Views of a Number of Scientists on what might have been the Course of World History."



FROM THE PERMIAN ROCKS OF TEXAS: TWO FIN-BACKED REPTILES, *DIMETRODON* (LEFT) AND *EDAPHOSAURUS*. THERE ARE MANY THEORIES ABOUT THE PURPOSE OF THE MEMBRANE OR FIN.

The courage needed to write such a book is as nothing compared to that required to comment on it as a whole. So the commentator is driven to one of several courses. He may treat of it in platitudes. He may seek out a few points on which he himself is well-versed and belabour the author's treatment of them. Or he may make it the occasion to ride one or two favourite hobby horses.



STANDING OVER THE CARCASS OF A YOUNG MASTODON: A SABRE-TOOTHED CAT *SMILODON*. DR. BURTON QUESTIONS THE EFFECTIVENESS OF "THESE FANTASTICALLY LONG CANINES," AND WONDERS WHETHER, IN FACT, THEY COULD HAVE BEEN USED IN THE USUAL CARNIVORE MANNER.

Illustrations by Maurice Wilson reproduced from the book "A Guide to Earth History," by courtesy of the Publishers, Chatto and Windus.

I enjoyed reading this book, but every now and then I came upon a hobby horse, in the form of a bottle of curdled milk foisted upon the unfortunate author and sticking out of the cheese like a sore thumb—if I may be permitted this mixture of metaphor. There is, for example, that unhappy fossil reptile, *Dimetrodon*, from the Permian rocks of Texas. A model of this extinct reptile was used, on one occasion, to start a story

of a mysterious monster in a well-known river. Turning to the facts, however, we know that *Dimetrodon* was "10 or 11 ft. long and, in common with several others of the group, it had a membrane of skin supported vertically along the length of its backbone by a row of long spines. This spectacular feature has made *Dimetrodon* one of the most famous of all prehistoric animals and has led to much speculation regarding the purpose of the membrane or fin. One theory, more

remarkable for picturesqueness than scientific probability, is that the reptile was partly aquatic and used its fin for tacking about the estuaries in gusty weather. Another even less convincing proposal is that it was simply a confounded nuisance. The latest and most likely suggestion is that its owner, being like all reptiles a cold-blooded creature, used it as a natural radiator for adjusting its body heat by turning it, at varying angles to the sun or breeze." I know this is the "latest," but it is only the "most likely" because it is the least absurd. It ranks with the explanation offered in the case of the sabre-toothed "tiger," or stabbing-cat.

"Stabbing cats such as *Smilodon* were among the most beautiful and magnificent of Cenozoic animals, and they probably played a prominent rôle in the extermination of the ground sloths and other vegetarian giants before they themselves became extinct." Coupled with this remark is an excellent picture of the sabre-tooth, with its long sabre-like canines, standing over the carcass of a young mastodon. Both represent a generally accepted idea, that because of these long canines, the sabre-tooth represented a savage menace to all around it.

In the first place, the sabre-tooth was to the mastodon as the lion or tiger is to the modern elephant. Lions give elephants as wide a berth as possible, and tigers by no means have it all their own way with these "vegetarian giants." In the second place, I have for a long time now been interested in this matter of how effective were these fantastically long canines. When a cat, or a lion, yawns it draws the lower jaw well back into the neck, and if, while watching one of these yawn, we try to picture canines of the proportions possessed by the sabre-tooth, the result is instructive. Even if the sabre-tooth could draw the lower jaw back farther, as we are told it could, I still fail to see how there could have been sufficient gap between the ends of the sabre-teeth and the teeth of the lower jaw to allow them to be used in biting.

On the other hand, if we make a comparison with the nearest animal of which we have better knowledge, namely, the walrus, which feeds mainly on shellfish, then it seems more likely that the unfortunate sabre-tooth slunk about, eating snails and any small fodder it could find, perhaps eating the kill left by other carnivores. It may have used the tusks in slashing blows for defence, but I am highly sceptical of its savagery or the use of the teeth in killing large prey.

These comments in no way detract from Mr. Carrington's achievement, but they serve to warn us that the story he tells us so convincingly is still based largely upon theory, informed theory it is true, but still theory. This can easily be overlooked.

PACIFIC SOLO—FROM PERU TO SAMOA ON A RAFT.

"THE EPIC VOYAGE OF THE 'SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS.' A 6700-mile voyage alone across the Pacific": by WILLIAM WILLIS.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"ON October 15, 1954," state the publishers, "William Willis achieved the impossible. Alone on a sinking raft, battered by nearly four months of storms and wind, exhausted from lack of sleep, he landed at Pago Pago, in British Samoa, 6700 miles from his starting-point in Callao, Peru. He had sailed not only farther, but also faster, than the *Kon-Tiki* expedition, to complete what has been called 'the greatest solo trip since Charles Lindbergh's famous flight.'" That is an adequate laconic summary, except that Pago Pago is in American, not British, Samoa, and Mr. Willis never even touched British Samoa.

"On a sinking raft" is putting dramatically something that doesn't seem to have worried Mr. Willis very much. Until the last stages of the voyage the raft was splendidly seaworthy, and, though the balsa base did become progressively waterlogged, Mr. Willis was not reduced to the last expedient of discarding the deck in order to lighten ship. And the raft must not be understood to be the sort of meagre makeshift structure on which shipwrecked mariners are commonly depicted, with a tattered shirt as sole sail and signal. The *Seven Little Sisters* (the name was not derived from the Sussex cliffs, or the trees that presumably once lined the Seven Sisters Road, or the Pleiades, but from the seven stout balsa logs which formed the core of the framework) was really a rectangular ship, with centreboards, if no keel. She had a mainsail, a mizzen and a prolonged bowsprit. She had a snug-looking deck-house in which, had Mr. Willis not sailed alone, he might have enjoyed regular sleep—as things were, he used the little hut only for those operations which could not be done in the open, and took his sleep on deck in brief snatches, not being able, like the famous Captain Slocum and other lonely navigators of deeper and less quadrilateral craft, to "lash the tiller and turn in." She had compass, charts, sextant and wireless transmitter, and was provisioned with care and foresight. Not all the caré could provide against any emergency. He hadn't been long out of port when he made the pathetic entry: "Yesterday I worked a good part of the morning on my two stoves, using box after box of matches, but could not get them started. Perhaps the kerosene was not good or the fault was with the stoves. I had had trouble ever since I left. If I couldn't get them going it meant a diet of raw fish, once I caught them; so far, I had not caught any."

"Of course," begins the next paragraph, "Meekie, my little cat, wouldn't mind raw fish." Meekie, to most people's ears, would suggest rather a mouse than a cat. But cat there was. I have said that Mr. Willis (I can't guess at his original name, for he migrated to America young, and his father was a German and his mother a Czech) sailed alone. But he wasn't quite alone. For some reason, which might have been comprehensible to Robinson Crusoe, but isn't to me, he wanted to go off into the void with a cat and a parrot. A tip to the local newspapers and coveys of parrots were offered him from all over Peru; as for the cat, the Peruvian Navy (who come out superbly in this tale, and in the photographs) shanghaied one just before he set out.

He had those two companions at least: who but this rash, impetuous man would have thought of taking a cat and a parrot with him on a raft? The explanation of the cat being called Meekie and the parrot Eekie is that, in the course of his variegated career, Mr. Willis had designed a comic-strip whose central characters were named

Mike and Ike: the Peruvian naval officers pronounced these words as "Meekie" and "Eekie," and the names stuck. The parrot was a friendly bird. It had lively moments, which suggested to Mr. Willis that it had spent more time in bad company than in church. But the cat was a cat. All those thousands of miles across the Pacific she tried to get at, and slaughter, the bird. In the end she managed to tear the cage open and slaughter the cheerful Eekie. Mr. Willis seems to be quite dispassionate about it; he had even rescued the cat from drowning. But, as I read, I am almost sorry that the cat wasn't devoured by a shark: the parrot was so much more friendly.

After no great interval I shall (under Providence) read this book again. The interval won't be long, because, a few days after finishing it, I



CLOSELY INSPECTING THE WHEEL: EEEKIE, THE PARROT WHICH, WITH MEEKIE, THE CAT, WERE MR. WILLIS'S ONLY SHIPMATES. TOWARDS THE END OF THE VOYAGE THE CAT KILLED POOR EEEKIE. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Epic Voyage of the 'Seven Little Sisters'"; by courtesy of the publisher, Hutchinson.

remember little of it except the preliminaries (including the very thorough designing and construction of the raft in Ecuador, and the more than handsome co-operation of the Peruvian Navy at Callao), the occasional moments of acute danger, and the arrival at the goal. And, after all, how much detail would Mr. Willis himself remember if he hadn't kept a diary? Four months doesn't seem very long when one wants to spin the time out in order to enjoy oneself. The remaining four months of this



UNDER SAIL ON A TRIAL RUN: MR. WILLIS AT THE WHEEL OF HIS RAFT, THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS.



MR. WILLIAM WILLIS RESTS HIS RAFT ON THE GUAYAQUIL RIVER.

cricket season will, for many of us, go by like a flash; and, if a man's doctors give him four months to live, I conceive that, for him, time will fly furiously. But, on a trip like Mr. Willis's, "alone on a wide, wide sea," time creeps. Reading his record of day after day after day, alternating between tempest and calm, with a few score miles, at best, traced over that vast Pacific map, one keeps on wondering whether the solitary navigator will ever touch land, or see

a ship or a human being again: reality pulls one up with a jerk as it occurs to one that, if Mr. Willis had not completed his voyage successfully, Messrs. Hutchinson would not be publishing his book. There are thrills when Mr. Willis falls overboard or narrowly escapes the snapping jaws of a shark: then again, one reminds oneself that the book can't conceivably end with "At this point I was drowned" or "I was eaten by a shark and can remember no more." I do remember that the late W. H. Hudson, that acute naturalist and charming stylist, if very naïf man, wrote a book about the future called "The Crystal Age," the

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. WILLIAM WILLIS.

Mr. William Willis was born in Hamburg in 1893 and at the age of ten emigrated with his parents to America. He has sailed round the Horn in a sailing-ship, shipped on whaling boats and seen most of the world. In interludes from his life at sea he has been a steelworker, a bridge and road-builder, a professional wrestler and prospector for gold. He was sixty-one years old in 1954, when he achieved his greatest adventure which is described in the book reviewed on this page.

narrator of which described his own death: but that book was fiction, whereas Mr. Willis's is a record of fact. His dangers were overcome, and we know it: in fiction we can be kept on tenterhooks, because the teller of the story is a third person, and can either save or doom his hero.

Mr. Willis "got there." The attraction of his book lies not in what he saw, or what he discovered—for he discovered nothing unknown—and saw little, beyond the interminable, restless waves except one uninhabited island, called Flint Island, and occasional birds, and flying-fish and sharks, including one he called "Long Tom," who accompanied him for 2000 miles, with the fidelity of *Pelorus Jack*, but whose constancy was probably not governed by pure affection—but in his mental determination and physical endurance.

Why he undertook this "impossible" (the word is the publisher's, not mine, for I cannot logically accept a thing as "impossible" when its possibility has been demonstrated) voyage is not clear. There is always the "possibility" that he wanted to prove himself to himself: many brave things have been done by men who wanted that internal reassurance: though, with him, as with many others, no reassurance, in the eyes of the detached spectator, who knows that he would shirk every risk that Mr. Willis took, is necessary. The solitude into which he plunged was even deeper than he expected. He sent messages by his wireless transmitter, but not one of them was received, except the last, an S.O.S. which brought an American ship to his rescue.

In a sense the whole thing seems to have been rather more an ordeal than an adventure, and it is difficult not to think that the idea of the undertaking must have been put into his head by the voyage of the *Kon-Tiki*. That raft, too, was built of balsa wood from the Pacific coast of South America: what six Scandinavians could do, Mr. Willis may have thought, could be done by one resolute man alone. He was right; he pulled it off. Unlike the *Kon-Tiki* men, he had no scientific theory to check: his motive was single and simple, like that of the Mount Everest climbers.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 706 of this issue.

* "The Epic Voyage of the 'Seven Little Sisters.' A 6700-mile Voyage Alone Across the Pacific." By William Willis. Charts, Sketches and Photographs. (Hutchinson; 16s.)

ROYAL OCCASIONS—FORMAL AND INFORMAL: IN LONDON, WINDSOR, AND HOLLAND.



QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK IN LONDON, DURING A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY, WHICH STARTED ON MAY 30. HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS MARGRETHE, HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE, IS AT PRESENT AT SCHOOL IN ENGLAND.



LEAVING AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE GROESBEEK MEMORIAL: (LEFT CENTRE, L. TO R.) THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER WITH THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS. On June 2 H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, in the presence of the Prince of the Netherlands, unveiled the Groesbeek Memorial, near Nijmegen, in Holland, to the memory of 1103 officers and men of the British Commonwealth who fell during the advance from the Seine into Germany but have no known grave.



PRINCESS MARGARET, PRESIDENT OF THE N.S.P.C.C., WITH THE MAYOR AND DEPUTY MAYOR OF ST. PANCRAS, DURING THE MEETING OF THE SOCIETY.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MOUNTING HIS POLO PONY. ON JUNE 2 HE LED THE WELSH GUARDS TO VICTORY OVER THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.



SPLENDIDLY GOWNED AND WEARING BRILLIANT JEWELS: H.M. THE QUEEN ARRIVING FOR THE BALL GIVEN BY THE GRENADEIR GUARDS ON MAY 31.



HER MAJESTY, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL, THE PRINCESS ANNE AND TWO OF THE ROYAL CORGIS IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK ON JUNE 2, TO WATCH THE POLO. The Queen and her children, and Princess Margaret, were all watching the polo at Windsor on June 2, when the Duke of Edinburgh was playing in two matches: for the Welsh Guards, in which he scored 5 goals in their 8-4½ victory over the Household Cavalry; and for Windsor Park against Friar Park, when he scored twice.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, ESCORTED BY LORD WOOLTON, VISITING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY ON MAY 30. During her visit to the headquarters of the British Red Cross Society in London, it was noticed that the Queen Mother's right ankle was bandaged, and it was learnt that she had had a slight fall that morning at Clarence House and had twisted her ankle. During her visit she inspected an exhibition of overseas work by the Society.

THE rearmament of Western Germany is still regarded with misgiving by a number of people who are friendly to the Federal Republic. No observer can justly claim to have detected any sign of a resurgence of the Nazi spirit in the framework of the armed forces, and there is as yet little more than a framework by which they can be judged. Some close observers do, however, allege that they have encountered a spirit of arrogance in the country. They have expressed anxiety lest this should spread to the armed forces and there incubate such seeds of the weed as may be lying dormant. Needless to say, if National Socialism were to enjoy a strong revival in the country it could not be kept out of the armed forces. Its opponents, in all parties, are, however, banking on its rejection by the country. If they are correct, they argue, the best protection for the armed forces will lie in stringent measures for their civilian control.

One of the instruments on which reliance is placed is the Defence Committee of the Bundestag. This body takes its duties seriously, as I discovered when I met its representatives on a visit to Britain. It is a standing committee, with the right to continuous investigation, and is therefore in permanent session. Though it includes one of the former commanders, General von Manteuffel, and some others with military experience, it is very much a civilian body in composition and in attitude. My only evidence that it works in greater harmony than the parties of which it is composed is that members told me so; but I see no reason to doubt it.

There has been a long struggle about supreme military authority. The most recent development is that this is vested in the Defence Minister in time of peace and in the Chancellor in time of war. It is for the Parliament to declare that a state of war exists, whereupon the supreme military authority passes automatically to the Chancellor. This is perhaps rather academic. A modern war, if there should be one, is almost certain to start by a surprise attack, in which case the Parliament would not be given time or perhaps opportunity for any such action. The difficulty is recognised, and met by a provision that in emergency the President can act independently with the assent of the Chancellor and after consulting the Presidents of the two Houses. The President has certain other rights, including the very important one of appointing and dismissing officers and under-officers, but this would presumably be exercised on advice. The choice of senior officers is supervised by a civilian committee, in the composition of which both the Government and the Parliament have a say. The Budget Committee is another safeguard.

What does seem curious is that there should be no national defence council. There is provision for setting up what is described as a Supreme Military Council, but this is a purely professional organisation, within the Defence Ministry. Since all branches—including the armed forces themselves, which count as one—come under the direct control of the Defence Minister and he is submitted to such slight control, it might well be argued that, in their dread of militarism, the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

GERMAN DEFENCE: CHECKS AND BALANCES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

framers of the latest defence legislation had ended by putting too much power in the hands of one man, a civilian. And, despite all the talk of parliamentary, as opposed to governmental, control, the Defence Minister is responsible to the Chancellor, not Parliament.

On the other hand, one military man, certain to be a soldier, is also, in practice if not theory, accorded an exceptional position. This is the Chairman of the Supreme Military Council, already mentioned. The body over which he will preside

that of the Bundestag's Commissioner for Defence, to whom any member of the rank and file can forward complaints.

There have been various changes and there may be more to come. In any case, the organisation will have to be judged by its results and got to work. One personal matter cannot be avoided,

since it has greatly influenced the legislators. I have previously written something about the present Defence Minister, Herr Blank. He is a man of ability and energy, with an unimpeachable political record. His manner, however, is often unhappy, not only in debate but on public platforms. The Social Democrats, in particular, do not appreciate him as Minister, though in private they have nothing against him as a man. I believe it is true to say that some members of other parties are doubtful whether he is fully suited to this

appointment. The outsider is not in a position to say whether or not this view is correct. What is clear is that the politicians have been measuring him against the status of his office under the new legislation and wondering whether or not he will do.

This is an internal affair. Our interest in the legislation enacted or to be enacted is twofold. Will the safeguards work? Will the scheme produce efficient armed forces? For the first point, I feel that it inclines to over-complexity, so far as I understand it—and also that the difficulty in understanding it is one proof of its complexity. All will appreciate the anxiety felt by the German Parliament. It would be a tragedy for Western Germany, for Europe, and for the world, if the armed forces were even to be tinged with the Nazi spirit, let alone if they were to "go Nazi." The determination of the effort to avoid such a calamity merits praise. On the whole, the growing experience in government and the success hitherto attained favour the hope that this system of checks and balances will succeed.

The second problem is influenced by the first. If the safeguards do prove too complex, they must act as a handicap to the efficiency of the armed forces. It cannot be pretended that the youth of Western Germany is facing the prospect of military service with enthusiasm, though dislike of it is no longer expressed as forcibly as it was not long ago. The spirit of these young men will be an important factor, and it in turn will be influenced by the manner in which they are led and trained. It is reasonable to believe that in the immediate future the talented and prudent military organisers and their civilian partners will create skilled and well-trained armed forces.

I came to the same conclusion when outlining recently what has been revealed on the subject of military doctrine. I see

no insuperable difficulties immediately ahead. But I agree with critics in this country that the long-term problem is another matter. There no guarantee of safety can be absolute. The human race cannot, however, legislate for eternity and does well if it legislates successfully for a generation. I have held for the better part of ten years that some form of German rearmament was necessary and inevitable. I cannot conceive how it could have been started more favourably.



EN ROUTE FOR HIS RUSSIAN VISIT: MARSHAL TITO, WITH HIS WIFE, MME. BROZ, RECEIVING GIFTS OF FLOWERS FROM RUMANIAN GIRLS, AS THE TRAIN CARRIED HIM THROUGH RUMANIA. ON MARSHAL TITO'S RIGHT THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO YUGOSLAVIA.

On the evening of May 30, President Tito of Yugoslavia, accompanied by his wife, left Belgrade by train for a three-week visit to Russia. Crowds cheered him at railway stations in Rumania as he passed through that country and at Bucharest his train paused for an hour in the station. He crossed the Russian frontier at Ugeny, Moldavia, on June 1, and so entered Russian territory for the first time since his expulsion from the Cominform in 1948. On his arrival in Moscow on June 2, he was greeted at the station by Marshal Voroshilov, the Russian President, who was accompanied by Marshal Bulganin, Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Molotov and Mr. Shepilov, Mr. Molotov's successor as Foreign Minister. On June 3, Mr. Khrushchev gave a luncheon for Marshal Tito and his wife, and later drove with them to a Government villa in the Moscow suburbs.

is to be formed of the heads of the military divisions of the Ministry. This Chairman will act as the adviser of the Defence Minister on highly important matters, in particular the standard of training and preparedness for war of the armed forces and co-operation between them. So we see what in British eyes appears exceptional power in one pair of civilian hands—power which makes this individual something near a commander-in-chief—an exceptional status for one soldier, allied with such an ultra-democratic conception as

RIOTS AND TERRORIST ATTACKS IN CYPRUS; AND REACTIONS OF THE SECURITY FORCES.



A SEQUEL TO RIOTS BETWEEN TURKISH AND GREEK CYPRIOTS IN NICOSIA: BRITISH TROOPS BEGINNING THE ERECTION OF A BARRIER OF BARBED WIRE.

THE end of May saw, on the whole, a worsening of the state of affairs in Cyprus, particularly as regards rioting between Turkish and Greek Cypriots; and on May 28 it was decided to erect a permanent barbed-wire barrier in Nicosia, about 6 ft. high and a mile long, from the Famagusta Gate to the Paphos Gate, pierced only by five gates between the two sectors. There was a serious incident at Famagusta on May 30, when a bomb flung into a lorry crowded with men of the security forces killed three, injured two seriously and inflicted lesser injuries on sixteen others. Famagusta and its suburb, Varosha, were put under an indefinite curfew; and a fine of £40,000 was imposed on the Greek inhabitants of Famagusta. On May 30 there was a bomb explosion in the new military base at Episcopi; and a quantity of dynamite was discovered. On June 3 it was announced that a three-week-long round-up in the north-west part of the island had been crowned with success, at least seventeen "hard core" terrorists being captured, three gangs smashed and a large quantity of arms, ammunition and explosives of various kinds captured.



MR. MARTIN CLEMENS, THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, READING OUT AN ORDER FOR THE CLOSING OF SHOPS IN NICOSIA AS A COLLECTIVE PUNISHMENT.



TROOPS BULLDOZING DOWN TREES IN FAMAGUSTA WHICH HAD PROVIDED COVER FOR A TERRORIST OUTRAGE IN WHICH A BOMB WAS THROWN INTO A LORRY LOADED WITH SOLDIERS.



IN NICOSIA: AN R.A.O.C. SERGEANT REMOVING THE FUSE FROM A TERRORIST BOMB WHICH HAD FAILED TO EXPLODE. THE BOMB WAS OF A RECENT TYPE MADE FROM A SECTION OF WATER-PIPE.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ALTHOUGH I bitterly resent leaving my garden, and the lovely Cotswold country at the loveliest time of the year—three whole days in London in late May

—I would not miss Chelsea Flower Show for all the tea in China, India and Ceylon. I almost would add all the Scotch in Scotland. But no, someone might take that seriously, and literally.

I saw Chelsea this year in three distinct phases. I saw it on Monday, during the later stages of preparation. Then on Tuesday I saw the finished article during the time of the Royal visit, when the great marquee was cool and fresh, and empty except for a sprinkling of fortunate folk—the judges at work, heads of exhibiting firms, committee men and the Press. (I was among the last two.) Finally, I was there on the Tuesday afternoon during the Private View, when only Fellows of the Society are present.

I dearly and most sincerely wish that I could convey some slight idea of the magnificence and the beauty of this, the world's greatest flower show, to readers who have never been to a Chelsea; readers in this country, and overseas readers in every corner of the Commonwealth and Empire, and in all the innumerable other countries reached by *The Illustrated London News*. If only the paper could some day produce a special Chelsea number, with pages and pages of splendid colour photographs of the most strikingly beautiful exhibits in Chelsea Flower Show, rock gardens, formal gardens, flowering shrub gardens, vistas and whole mountains of sumptuous colour in the great three-acre marquee, and a few portraits of some of the more notable new and rare plants in the Show. Meanwhile, I must dodge the impossible task of giving an adequate idea of Chelsea, any Chelsea—by falling back upon the somewhat Irish remark that Chelsea must be seen to be believed, and, when seen, is utterly unbelievable.

Two exhibits of strawberries received gold medals—Messrs. Laxtons, and the Waterperry Horticultural School, and both concentrated on their special strains of "Royal Sovereign." I hold that strawberries in such quantity, in such perfection, and with an aroma carrying to such a distance, deserve gold cups—large ones—rather than medals. But as it was, both exhibitors were doubtless well content. The exhibit in the great marquee which I admired most profoundly was the woodland azalea and rhododendron garden from Windsor Great Park. Spacious, uncrowded, faultless management of colour—those superb great specimen azalea bushes, and the delightful under-plantings of small treasures, *Calceolaria darwinii*, the white belled *Cassiope selaginoides*, and the dwarf, tawny gold *Iris innominata*, and many others. Maurice Mason's great group of greenhouse plants was a triumph of cultivation, transport and staging. Plants, many of which I remember seeing as a child in a dim Victorian past, but which few have the skill, courage and wealth to grow to-day. Bromeliads, begonias with leaves like elephant's ears in rich velvets and brocades. Succulents, and plants so grotesque and improbable that they reminded me of the little girl at the Zoo who exclaimed when she saw the giraffe, "but, Mummy, there aren't really animals like that, are there?"

Later, on the Tuesday afternoon when the crowd made any attempt to see the flowers altogether too strenuous, my wife and I found front seats in the stalls opposite the rock gardens and watched the passing and re-passing throng of our fellow

CHELSEA 1956.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Fellows of the Society. Fascinating. Pleasant folk, assorted "characters," eccentrics, charming rustics in unwonted finery, folk in museum clothes, and hats more modern and fantastic than ultra-modern music or painting. And here my mind kept reverting to some of Maurice Mason's more *outré* plants, and the little girl at the Zoo, and I thought "but there aren't

really people like that." Yet there they were, all nice in one way or another—or nearly all, and without doubt almost every one in the crowd was an ardent gardener. It has been said that there are too many people—other people—at Chelsea. I'm not sure that I did not say it myself. No matter. The Chelsea crowds show clearly that we are a nation of gardeners—and heroes. But there are, I feel, too many flowers at the Show. Too many exhibitors fall into the error of

of "Amateurs' " Malmaison carnations, were, I thought, more sumptuous and spectacular than ever, and here again each of the many thousands of blossoms stood out upon its long, graceful businesslike stem, clear and distinct from its neighbours. Truly my old friend Monty Allwood is a masterly exhibitor. So, too, is the colourful Harry Wheatcroft with his colourful roses, and among his newer varieties is the "Queen Elizabeth" rose. I admired it enormously, the first time I saw it at Chelsea last year, and his group of it this year more than confirmed that first opinion.

Among the outdoor rock gardens George Whitelegg and the Old Welwyn Gardens had spacious exhibits side by side. Both were built and laid out in much the same manner, with the familiar grey waterworn limestone with well-planted outcrops amid turf, and mountain streamlets forming cascades and rocky pools. A familiar theme but well carried out in both cases, and outstandingly the two best rock gardens of the year, though the smaller exhibit in similar rock by H. Savory and Co., of Bromley, Kent, was a pleasant piece of work, and well planted.

There were several plants which I noticed with interest at Chelsea, and which have remained in my memory as promising, and worth trial and investigation. On Suttons' mountains of rich floral colour it was a very modest quiet plant which struck me as having especial charm, and as perhaps being within my limited scope for cultivation. It was a tobacco plant, Suttons "Miniature White" I think the name was. The plants stood perhaps a couple of feet high, branched, wiry and graceful, with quantities of white blossom about a quarter the size of the ordinary white nicotiana. It looked an invaluable thing for cutting. Again Suttons showed their lovely *Venidio-arctotis* hybrids with gerbera-like flowers in treacly old golds, mahoganys and tawny wines, and this year, in addition to cut blossoms, they had growing specimens which demonstrated the habit of the plants. Among a collection of rhododendrons, azaleas, and other flowering shrubs, the Sunningdale Nurseries had specimens of a small tree peony, which fascinated me. In effect it was like *P. delavayii*, with elegant reddish-tinged leaves and deep crimson cup-shaped flowers. The plants were only about a couple of feet high.

Among the new and rare plants I noticed an interesting hybrid, a cross between *Tiarella wherryi* and *Heuchera sanguinea*, with spikes of pink blossom on 12-in. stems. A pretty if not a startling thing, and if it flowers as long and freely as the *Tiarella*, it will be valuable indeed. It came from W. E. Th. Ingwersen, Ltd.

This year I passed down Sundries Avenue but only stopped to look once, which was perhaps a good thing. Going a-gadeteering in Sundries Avenue can be a costly adventure. But the word "widger" caught my eye in passing one stall, so that I had to stop and investigate. Widger my foot. It was a thing something like a two-way cheese scoop, and far too long and clumsy to live in a waistcoat pocket, which is, of course, the spiritual home of all genuine widgers. But let us end on a cheerful note. A firm of goldsmiths in Leicester are manufacturing and will shortly be putting on the market a real authentic widger in silver, an exact replica of my own original silver widger, and to be called the Clarence Elliott widger. Incidentally, I have reason to believe the name widger, with, I presume, an explanatory definition, appears in the recently published Supplement to the "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening," a work which I have not yet had an opportunity of studying.



A NEWCOMER AT CHELSEA: X HEUCHER-ELLA "BRIDGET BLOOM," AN INTERESTING HYBRID BETWEEN *TIARELLA WHERRYI* AND *HEUCHERA SANGUINEA*, WITH 12-IN. SPIKES OF PINK BLOSSOM.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

crowding too many plants and flowers into the space allotted to them, so that often one can not see the wood for the trees, or the best flowers—shall we say?—for the other flowers. But I came upon one exhibit shown by Telston Nurseries, of Otford, Kent, which demonstrated very clearly the value of space—empty space—between individual plants. It was a collection of beautifully grown and richly-flowered specimens of regal pelargoniums, and each specimen was spaced nicely apart from its neighbours, so that one could distinguish and appreciate the colours and forms of the different varieties. Allwood's carnations and pinks, including their valuable new race



"THE QUEEN ELIZABETH" ROSE: "I ADMIRERD IT ENORMOUSLY THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT . . . (A) GROUP OF IT THIS YEAR MORE THAN CONFIRMED THAT FIRST OPINION."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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WATCHED BY MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY FROM THE PALACE BALCONY: HER MAJESTY TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE BIRTHDAY PARADE.

After the Trooping the Colour and March Past on Horse Guards Parade, on the occasion of her Majesty's official birthday on May 31, the Queen rode back to the Palace at the head of her Guards through cheering crowds. There she took the salute as the Guards and the Household Cavalry passed before the Queen Victoria Memorial. Watching from the Palace balcony were Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the Royal children and Princess Margaret

and it was from the balcony later on that her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh watched the fly-past of eighteen R.A.F. *Shackletons* of Coastal Command. Royal salutes were fired by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, in Hyde Park, and by the 1st Regiment, Honourable Artillery Company (R.H.A.) from the Tower of London Saluting Battery. The Birthday Celebrations were enhanced by the weather, which was warm and sunny.



THE MAGNIFICENT CEREMONIAL OF THE SOVEREIGN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE: A SPECTACLE OF GOLD AND SCARLET IN THE MAY SUNLIGHT AS HER MAJESTY TAKES THE SALUTE.

With traditional ceremony and in bright May sunshine the Queen's official birthday celebrations took place on May 31. At Horse Guards Parade the Trooping the Colour and the March Past were performed before her Majesty, who was mounted on the police horse *Winston*. Immediately behind her Majesty were the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester. For the

occasion, the Queen was wearing the scarlet tunic and, in her tricorne hat, the white plume of the Grenadier Guards, and the Colour trooped was that of the 3rd Battalion of the Regiment, which celebrates its tercentenary this year. After the Trooping, and the March Past with the impressive marches in slow time, came the walk past and trot past of The Household Cavalry,

their breastplates flashing and their distinctive plumes tossing in the sunlight. As the last of The Household Cavalry trotted past the saluting point the guns of The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, began firing their forty-one-gun salute in Hyde Park. The parade ended on a note of simplicity when Colonel Sir Thomas Butler, Field Officer in Brigade Waiting,

who was in command of the parade, after riding up to and saluting her Majesty, gave the order "To your duties, by the left quick march." Afterwards, the Queen, riding at the head of her Guards, returned to Buckingham Palace through cheering crowds, and at 1 p.m., witnessed from the Palace balcony a fly-past of R.A.F. *Shackletons* of Coastal Command.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF PLACES AND EVENTS.



CENTREPIECE OF THE CASSINO WAR CEMETERY MEMORIAL: AN ORNAMENTAL POOL WHICH WILL BE SURROUNDED BY TWELVE MARBLE PILLARS. The Cassino war cemetery memorial is under construction by the Imperial War Graves Commission in Italy. It has been designed by Mr. Louis de Soissons and consists of a formal garden and ornamental pool. Twelve marble pillars will be inscribed with over 4000 names.



A NEW SCOTTISH ABBEY WHICH MAY TAKE FIFTY YEARS TO COMPLETE: THE ABBEY OF SANCTA MARIA SEEN IN A MODEL.

This photograph shows the original model (since modified) for the Roman Catholic Abbey of Sancta Maria at Nunraw, East Lothian, designed by Mr. Peter Whitson. The foundation-stone was laid in 1954, and the building by Cistercian monks is steadily continuing.



NEXT TO THE RUINS OF THE GUARDS' CHAPEL: THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEMORIAL CLOISTER WHICH WAS RECENTLY OPENED BY THE QUEEN. These photographs show the exterior (above) and interior (right) of the Household Brigade Memorial Cloister in Birdcage Walk, which has been built as an approach to the Royal Military Chapel of Wellington Barracks, which was almost destroyed by a flying bomb in 1944 and is to be rebuilt.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE MEMORIAL AT THE END WHICH IS THE GIFT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEMORIAL CLOISTER.



MUFFLING THE DEAFENING ROAR OF A JET FIGHTER: BRITAIN'S FIRST TWIN-JET SILENCER PEN BUILT FOR THE GLOSTER JAVELIN ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER. On June 1 a Gloster Javelin jet fighter was put through "running-up" tests at full power in Britain's first silencer pen for twin-jet aircraft. The silencer, designed by the late Mr. Quentin Reeves, has been built by the Gloster Aircraft Company at a cost of £25,000. It is situated on the company's airfield at Hucclecote, near Gloucester.



A ROAD CRASH IN WHICH A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DIED: THE SMASHED VAN IN WHICH NINE PEOPLE WERE KILLED. Nine members of a wedding party, including the bridegroom and his bride, the latter still wearing her white wedding dress, were killed when the van in which they were travelling from the reception was in head-on collision with a coach carrying thirty-three passengers near Sheffield early on the morning of June 3.

THE LIGHTING OF THE OLYMPIC FLAME; NAVAL ITEMS; AND NEWS FROM LONDON AND WALES.



THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY WHICH MARKS THE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES: GREEK GIRLS AT OLYMPIA, IN SOUTHERN GREECE, PREPARING FOR THE LIGHTING OF THE OLYMPIC FLAME. On June 2, Greek maidens, in classical costume, went through that ceremony which has grown up around the opening of the modern Olympic games. After Greek dances, a flame was lit with the rays of the sun and a torch was kindled for carrying to the opening of the equestrian section of the Games at Stockholm on June 11.



THE OLYMPIC TORCH IS LIT AND HANDED TO A RUNNER WHO CARRIED IT SOME DISTANCE BEFORE HANDING IT ON.



AFTER AN EXPLOSION HAD BLOWN THREE MANHOLE COVERS INTO THE AIR: THE SCENE IN THE STRAND, NEAR ALDWYCH, AFTER THE INCIDENT. On June 1, three manhole covers in the Strand, near Aldwych, London, were blown into the air by an explosion which caused large pieces of concrete to be flung on to the pavement and road. Eleven people were hurt and taken to hospital.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT CAPEL CURIG: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (LEFT) WATCHING STUDENTS LEARNING TO CLIMB DURING HIS VISIT TO PLAS Y BRENIN.



TO ESCORT THE QUEEN ON HER VISIT TO SWEDEN: THE NEW CANADIAN ESCORT DESTROYER ST. LAURENT (2000 TONS), WHICH WILL SHARE THIS DUTY WITH THE TWO "DARING" SHIPS, H.M.S. DEFENDER AND H.M.S. DELIGHT. H.M.C.S. ST. LAURENT IS COMPLETELY CANADIAN DESIGNED.



ONE OF THE FIRST THREE UNITS OF THE NEW WEST GERMAN NAVY: ONE OF THREE FAST PATROL BOATS, FIRST BUILT FOR FRONTIER PATROL BY THE GERMANS, TAKEN OVER BY THE ROYAL NAVY AS EXCEEDING TREATY SPECIFICATION, AND NOW RETURNED TO GERMANY.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: AND SOME RECIPIENTS OF THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



ELEVATED TO A VISCOUNTY: LORD CHERWELL.
Lord Cherwell has been created a Viscount for public services. He was lately Professor of Experimental Philosophy at Oxford. In 1940 he became personal assistant to Sir Winston Churchill.



CREATED A BARONET: MR. C. L. ACKROYD.
Alderman Cuthbert Ackroyd, Lord Mayor of London, has been created a Baronet. Mr. Ackroyd was Master of the Company of Carpenters from 1952-53.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT: MR. F. C. HOOPER.
Mr. Frederic Collins Hooper has been designated a Knight Bachelor for services to Government departments. He is a director of a number of companies including Schweppes Ltd. and Kia-Ora Ltd.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT: MR. BASIL BLACKWELL.
Mr. Basil Blackwell, the well-known Oxford bookseller and publisher, has been designated a Knight Bachelor. He succeeded his father as chairman of B. H. Blackwell Ltd. in 1924.



CREATED A BARON: SIR HENRY COHEN.
Sir Henry Cohen, who has been created a Baron for services to medicine, has been Professor of Medicine at the University of Liverpool since 1934.



CREATED A BARON: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR RONALD WEEKS.
Lieut.-General Sir Roland Morce Weeks, lately chairman of Vickers, Ltd., has been created a Baron. Sir Roland is chairman of the National Advisory Council for Education in Industry and Commerce.



APPOINTED A COMPANION OF HONOUR: PROFESSOR ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

Professor Arnold Toynbee, the author of "A Study of History," has been appointed a Companion of Honour. From 1925-55 he was Director of Studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs.



APPOINTED A COMPANION OF HONOUR: MR. GORDON CRAIG.
Mr. Edward Gordon Craig has been appointed a Companion of Honour for his services to the theatre. Has been an outstanding producer and stage designer.



DESIGNATED A D.B.E.: MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT.
Miss Peggy Ashcroft, the well-known and well-loved actress, has been designated a D.B.E. She is at present appearing in "The Chalk Garden," at the Haymarket Theatre.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT: PROF. W. J. PUGH.
Professor William John Pugh, who is Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and of the Museum of Practical Geology, has been designated a Knight Bachelor.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. W. C. NORTON.
Mr. Walter Charles Norton, the President of the Law Society, has been designated a Knight Bachelor. Mr. Norton was admitted a solicitor in 1921.



AWARDED THE ORDER OF MERIT: LORD HAILEY.

The Order of Merit has been conferred on Lord Hailey, who was a prominent member of the Indian Civil Service from 1895-1935. He was Governor of the Punjab from 1924-28 and of the United Provinces from 1928-30. He has published a number of works on colonial affairs.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: PROFESSOR WILLIAM COLDSTREAM.
Professor William Coldstream, who has been Slade Professor of Fine Art at London University since 1949, has been designated a Knight Bachelor. Professor Coldstream is well known as a painter.



(Left.)
A LONDON PERSONALITY: THE LATE MRS. E. M. LOWE.
Mrs. Eveline Lowe, J.P., LL.D., died at her home at Dulwich on May 30 aged eighty-six. She was the first woman chairman of the L.C.C. and was member for West Bermondsey up to 1946. She gave particularly valuable service when the L.C.C. took over the London poor law hospitals.

(Right.)
TO BE DIRECTOR OF ARMY NURSING SERVICES: COLONEL C. M. JOHNSON.
Colonel Cecilie M. Johnson, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, has been appointed Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services in succession to Brigadier Dame Helen S. Gillespie, who is retiring in July.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR: MR. L. HUTTON.
Len Hutton, the former Yorkshire and England cricketer, has been designated a Knight Bachelor. One of the greatest of batsmen, he was the first professional to captain an England side and never lost a Test series.



NEW SOUTH AFRICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER: DR. J. E. HOLLOWAY.
It was announced on May 29 that Dr. J. E. Holloway, the South African Ambassador in Washington, has been appointed as the new South African High Commissioner in London, where he succeeds Mr. G. P. Jooste. Mr. Jooste is expected to return to South Africa after the forthcoming conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London.



A RESCUE AT WHIPSNAD ZOO: THE REV. RONALD AYLWARD.
On May 31 the Rev. Ronald Aylward, who is a Roman Catholic priest and scout master, rescued Tony Murphy, aged nine, of Stepney, from a lion at Whipsnade. The boy, who was mauled after climbing a safety fence, was released by the lion when Mr. Aylward struck the animal with an iron bar, but was still critically ill at the time of writing, both arms having been amputated.



NEW CHAIRMAN OF B.S.A.: MR. JOHN Y. SANGSTER.
Following the dismissal by his fellow directors, by a majority of six to three, of Sir Bernard Docker from the board of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Mr. John Y. Sangster has been appointed the new chairman. Sir Bernard has stated he intends to hold an extraordinary meeting of the shareholders to discuss the situation. He was previously chairman and managing director.



THE NEW RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER: MR. DMITRI SHEPILOV.
On June 1, the eve of the arrival of Marshal Tito in Moscow, it was announced that Mr. Molotov had resigned and that Mr. Shepilov had been appointed in his place. Mr. Molotov was prominent in the denunciation of Yugoslavia in 1948; he continues to hold his other offices. Mr. Shepilov, editor of Pravda, played a successful part in Russia's recent entry into Middle East affairs.



ONE OF BRITAIN'S TWO DRESSAGE RIDERS : MRS. JAMES JOHNSTONE, WHO IS TO RIDE *ROSIE DREAM* IN THE EQUESTRIAN OLYMPIC GAMES.



TO TAKE PART IN THE DRESSAGE: MRS. VIVIAN WILLIAMS ON HER *PILGRIM*.



JUMPING FOR BRITAIN IN STOCKHOLM: MR. W. H. WHITE ON HIS WELL-KNOWN *NIZEFELA*—A PROVED AND DOUGHTY COMBINATION.



RIDDEN BY MR. A. E. HILL, A MEMBER OF THE THREE-DAY HORSE TRIALS TEAM: THE QUEEN'S HORSE *COUNTRYMAN*.



TAKING A JUMP ON *KILBARRY*: LIEUT.-COLONEL FRANK WELDON, WHO IS CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH OLYMPIC THREE-DAY HORSE TRIALS TEAM.



A MEMBER OF THE THREE-DAY HORSE TRIALS TEAM: MAJOR A. L. ROOK, WHO IS EXPECTED TO RIDE MR. E. E. MARSH'S *WILD VENTURE*.



BEFORE LEAVING FOR STOCKHOLM: MR. PETER ROBESON ON HIS GALLANT LITTLE MARE *CRAVEN A*. MR. ROBESON IS IN THE JUMPING TEAM.



RESERVE MEMBER OF THE BRITISH OLYMPIC THREE-DAY HORSE TRIALS TEAM: LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. S. K. ORAM, WHO RIDES *COPPERPLATE*.



BRITAIN'S FAMOUS HORSEWOMAN: MISS PAT SMYTHE ON MR. HANSON'S EXCEPTIONAL YOUNG HORSE *FLANAGAN*.



RESERVE MEMBER OF BRITAIN'S GRAND PRIX SHOW-JUMPING TEAM IN STOCKHOLM: MISS DAWN PALETHORPE ON *EARLSRATH RAMBLER*.

REPRESENTING BRITAIN IN STOCKHOLM: MEMBERS OF OUR EQUESTRIAN OLYMPIC GAMES TEAM.

By this evening, June 9, the riders and horses who are going to represent Great Britain in the Equestrian Olympic Games in Stockholm from June 11 to 17 should all have arrived in Sweden. For the first time Great Britain will be represented in all three sections. The riders who are to take part in the events are shown on this page. The Three-Day Horse Trials: Lieut.-Colonel F. W. C. Weldon (captain), Mr. A. E. Hill, Major A. L. Rook and, reserve, Lieut.-Commander J. S. K. Oram. Horses: Her Majesty's *Countryman*, Lieut.-Colonel Weldon's *Kilbarry*, Mr. E. E. Marsh's *Wild Venture*,

Lieut.-Commander Oram's *Copperplate* and Mrs. K. S. Green's *Trident*. Grand Prix Show Jumping: Mr. W. H. White, Miss Pat Smythe, Mr. P. Robeson and, reserve, Miss Dawn Palethorpe. Horses: Mr. P. Robeson's *Craven A*, Captain J. Palethorpe's *Earlsrath Rambler*, Mr. R. Hanson's *Flanagan*, Mr. W. H. White's *Nizefela*, Mrs. Bryan Marshall's *Nobbler*, and Miss Dorothy Paget's *Scorchin*. Grand Prix Dressage: Mrs. James Johnstone and Mrs. Vivian Williams. Horses: Mrs. Williams's *Pilgrim* and Mrs. Johnstone's *Rosie Dream*.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"RIPENESS IS ALL."

By FRANK DAVIS.

SIXTY-ONE years ago a young man just over thirty published a slim volume about the life and work of Lorenzo Lotto (1480-1556), the Venetian painter, pupil of Alvise Vivarini, who lived infrequently in his native city and perhaps for that very reason developed a personal style largely, though not wholly, unaffected by the tremendous achievements of his two great contemporaries, Giorgione and Titian. The young man was Bernard Berenson, who now, with an eye as keen and a mind as lively as ever, presents us with a new and lavishly illustrated Phaidon* edition, bringing that early work up to date. It is a monument of learning and insight—that goes without saying: perhaps it is also a triumph over time and the current heresy that work is a killer. The only concession the author makes to human weakness is to remark casually that "The task took longer and proved more exacting than I had foreseen, chiefly because the hours I can devote to concentrated work have diminished."

In the past half-century there have been innumerable books published upon every phase of the arts and upon every painter of quality. Some of them, invaluable as works of reference, have been distinguished by solid scholarship rather than by either grace or lucidity: one quarries in them for facts, not for enlightenment. Berenson, if one may put it in this way, is both a deep quarry and a bright candle. The method is simple enough. He takes every picture and describes it. He asks "Why this attempt to describe a picture, now that good illustrations reproduce it so well? No doubt, but the reader is too apt to take in a reproduction at a glance, to extract from it a minimum of its quality—and that confined to the treatment of the subject only—and to pass on to the next. A description may serve to make the reader look in more detail, now that photographic reproduction permits it.... This study is, to some degree, a psychological one. It tries to follow the moods and oscillations in the mind of an artist." Not, then, by any means a book to be skipped through in a hurry.

I would like, were space available, to quote innumerable examples of the value of this method, so well-balanced, so apparently detached. He writes as he talks, simply and with clarity, giving the flattering impression that, however obscure the subject, you have something to contribute; these pages, as you turn them over, give you just that impression of courteous invitation. And how apt are his comments! There is an "Annunciation at Recanati," for example, in which—I have to cut drastically—"from her *prie-dieu*, the

Madonna turns away surprised and awed by the announcing angel, who has alighted on the terrace just outside her bedroom. A green curtain hangs over her snow-white bed, and along the wall at the back runs a book-laden shelf, with a white towel and a night-cap hanging from it. A cat, frightened by the angel, bounds across the floor with raised tail and arched back... [the angel's] bluish-green wings are not like a bird's, but like Psyche's," and so on. Then comes the penetrating sentence which relates this touching picture to all

mere collection of faces looking one like the other, but with no bond of sympathy or interest uniting them—it is in itself a family story, as modern almost as Tolstoi's 'Katia.' Lotto makes it evident that the sensitiveness of the man's nature has brought him to understand and condone his wife's limitations and that she, in her turn, has been refined and softened into sympathy with him; so that the impression the picture leaves is of great kindness, covering a multitude of small disappointments and incompatibilities." There is this, too, concerning a charming painting in the Rospigliosi Gallery at Rome long known as "The Triumph of Chastity," but which French guide-books, with admirable good sense, call "Force Striking Innocence." "It is true that Venus and the scared little Cupid are fleeing before the fury of a female who evidently personifies Mrs. Grundy. Their innocent looks betray the belief that she has been seized by a sudden and unaccountable madness, for which they are in no way responsible."

In many other ways, too, Lotto emerges as a distinct and most attractive personality, not least in his evident fondness for, and understanding of, small children—the little boy who, in the middle of a most solemn religious ceremony, snatches at the splendid robe which a bishop is preparing for St. Claire, and—to my mind peculiarly enchanting and, I should imagine, wholly without precedent—the gesture of the infant Christ in the Adoration at Brescia as he stretches up his arms to clutch at a sheep held by one of the shepherds. It is scarcely necessary to add that, in addition to all this profoundly interesting study of a great painter's personality, there is no lack of cool, considered judgments on questions of attribution—in themselves a series of intriguing essays in detection. I can only sum up by recording that, contrary to all actuarial probabilities, human learning is once again in debt to this most civilised and fastidious of art historians.

The firm of Skira has begun a new series "The Taste of Our Time." Small books, but with the usual high standards of colour reproduction, among them one on "El Greco," by



"FAMILY PORTRAIT," PAINTED IN 1547, IS ONE OF THE WORKS BY LORENZO LOTTO IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN LONDON. IT IS REPRODUCED IN COLOUR AS WELL AS IN BLACK-AND-WHITE IN THE NEW PHAIDON BOOK.

These illustrations from the book are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Phaidon Press.



"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS," BY LORENZO LOTTO (1480-1556). THIS MASTERPIECE AT THE PINACOTECA TOSIO MARTINENGO, BRESCIA, IS ILLUSTRATED AS ONE OF 400 PLATES IN "LORENZO LOTTO," BY BERNARD BERENSON (PHAIDON PRESS); WHICH IS REVIEWED BY FRANK DAVIS THIS WEEK. THIS WORK WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED SIXTY-ONE YEARS AGO.

other similar pictures and to the special character of Lotto. "As execution, this is one of Lotto's best works, and as interpretation—well, nowhere else has a painter of this subject ventured to portray the woman in the Virgin."

Again—to come nearer home—what could be more understanding than this about the well-known Family Group in the National Gallery? "far from being painted as such groups usually were in Italy—a



A DETAIL FROM LOTTO'S "THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS," WHICH IS REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE. IT IS ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING DETAILS ILLUSTRATING MR. BERENSON'S TEXT.

Paul Guinard,† who has been at pains to curb his pen (no easy thing when writing about so extraordinary a painter) and keep to a strictly-matter-of-fact approach. The result is an excellent introduction to his life and art, powerfully aided by an excellent choice of reproductions.

† "El Greco." With a biographical and critical study by Paul Guinard. With 53 Colour-plates. (Skira; 42s.)

* "Lorenzo Lotto." By Bernard Berenson. With 400 illustrations, 9 of them in colour. (Phaidon Press; 63s.)

FURTHER HIGH PRICES FOR PAINTINGS: AN IMPORTANT SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.



"A VIEW OF ROME," BY HENDRIK VAN CLEEF, WHICH WAS SOLD FOR 1400 GNS. IN THE IMPORTANT SALE OF PICTURES AT CHRISTIE'S ON JUNE 1. PAINTED IN 1539, THIS INTERESTING WORK SHOWS THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S IN THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION. SIGNED WITH MONOGRAM AND DATED. (Panel; 23½ by 40½ ins.)



"A VIEW NEAR THE COAST AT EGMONT," BY JAN VAN GOYEN, WHICH FETCHED 1000 GNS. TWO OTHER PAINTINGS BY VAN GOYEN ALSO FETCHED HIGH PRICES. SIGNED AND DATED 1641. (Panel; 17½ by 23 ins.)



"A TRIPTYCH WITH THE MADONNA AND CHILD AND SAINTS," BY PAOLO GIOVANNI FEI. THIS PAINTING FETCHED 22 GNS. AT CHRISTIE'S IN 1906, AND WAS SOLD ON JUNE 1 FOR 3400 GNS. (Panel; overall size 33½ by 24 ins.)



"THE STORY OF VIRGINIA," BY H. SCHOPFER, A MINOR GERMAN ARTIST. VIRGINIA WAS SLAIN BY HER FATHER TO SAVE HER FROM THE DECENVIR APPIUS CLAUDIUS. THIS FETCHED THE VERY HIGH PRICE OF 5500 GNS. IT WAS AMONG THE WORKS SENT TO THIS SALE BY THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE. (Panel; 37 by 65 ins.)



"THE PIAZZA OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE," BY FRANCESCO GUARDI. THIS CHANGED HANDS AT 7000 GNS., THE TOP PRICE AT THIS SALE. (Canvas; 18½ by 33 ins.)



"A NYMPH AND CUPIDS WITH MUSICAL EMBLEMS," BY FRANCOIS BOUCHER. THIS CHARMING WORK CONTRIBUTED 2800 GNS. TO THE DAY'S TOTAL OF £64,601. SIGNED AND DATED 1752. (Canvas; 37 by 50 ins.)

This year there have been a number of important sales of pictures in the London auction rooms at which the tendency has been a distinct rise in prices. In March Messrs. Christie's, of King Street, St. James's, held a sale which realised the immense total of £92,216. In their sale on June 1 there were again a number of important works and the total of £64,601 was paid for 162 lots. The highest price of this sale was the 7000 guineas paid for the painting by Francesco Guardi (reproduced above). This was sold in Lord Rothermere's sale in 1941 for 1500 guineas. An even more staggering increase in price was the 3400 guineas paid for the triptych by Fei, which had fetched 22 guineas at the same auction rooms fifty years

ago. Paintings by H. Fantin-Latour brought very high prices, including 4800 guineas for the lovely flower piece reproduced on page 649 of our issue of June 2. The sale contained three pictures by van Goyen, one of which, "A Frozen River Scene," changed hands for as much as 2800 guineas. Among the pictures which had been sent to this sale by the Duke of Roxburghe was the interesting panel by H. Schopfer (reproduced above), which brought 5500 guineas. Of the more modern pictures, a small Renoir still life realised 1100 guineas, while only 50 guineas was paid for a pair of very large paintings—"Night" and "Morning"—by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., which were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1853.

"HELICOPTER-EYE" WATER-COLOURS; AND A MISCELLANY OF OTHER NEWS.



AS SEEN FROM A B.E.A. HELICOPTER: "ABOVE THE SOUTH BANK," A WATER-COLOUR BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, WHICH IS IN HIS EXHIBITION AT THE R.W.S. In his exhibition at the Galleries of the Royal Water-Colour Society, 26, Conduit Street, Mr. Claude Muncaster has included a number of water-colours of views drawn while flying in a helicopter.



A NEW APPROACH TO LANDSCAPE PAINTING: ANOTHER OF CLAUDE MUNCASTER'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF VIEWS FROM A HELICOPTER, SHOWING THE NEW SHIPBUILDING YARD AT LOWESTOFT. THE EXHIBITION AT THE R.W.S. GALLERIES CONTINUES UNTIL JUNE 16.



SOON TO BE SEEN IN OUR CITY CENTRES? AN AUTOMATIC BRITISH-MADE CAR PARKING METER. ONE SHILLING WILL BE INSERTED FOR AN HOUR'S PARKING.



PREPARING FOR THE TORBAY-LISBON INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR SAIL TRAINING-SHIPS (STARTING ON JULY 7): THE SCHOONER *CREOLE*, WHICH HAS BEEN LENT TO THE ROYAL NAVY BY MR. NIARCHOS. 21 VESSELS ARE TAKING PART IN THE RACE.



THE YOUNGEST-EVER WINNER OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: JOHN BEHARRELL. John Beharrell, the eighteen-year-old golfer, won the Amateur Golf Championship on June 2, when he beat the Scottish International player Leslie Taylor by five up and four to play in the final. It is fifty-one years since anyone of comparable age won the Championship.



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY WIND AND CURRENT: TWO OF THE CREW OF FOUR WHO ARE ATTEMPTING A CROSSING ON A 10-TON LOG RAFT. On May 24 four men left Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, aboard their 10-ton log raft *L'Egare II* at the start of their Atlantic crossing. They hope to sail across, unassisted by motor, in three months. An unsuccessful attempt was made last year.



A HAPPY EVENT: *JOSEPHINE* AND *CRIP*, THE PARENTS WHOSE LATEST YOUNGSTER MAKES A TOTAL OF THIRTY-TWO WHOOPING CRANES KNOWN TO EXIST. *Josephine* and *Crip*, the only two whooping cranes in captivity, have produced another offspring, which brings the known total world population of these rare birds up to thirty-two. The hatching took place at Audubon Park Zoo, in New Orleans.

THE GRENADIER GUARDS' TERCENTENARY: EXHIBITS AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



A RELIC OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT THE GRENADIER GUARDS' TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION: A VALUABLE BOHEMIAN GLASS GOBLET.



IN "THE COLONELS' GALLERY": COLONEL JOHN RUSSELL, BY JOHN MICHAEL WRIGHT.



ONE OF A PAIR OF SILVER WINE BOTTLES USED BY MARLBOROUGH: TRADITION ASSERTS THAT THEY WERE SLUNG ON PACK MULES.



COMMEMORATING THE LIBERATION OF BRUSSELS ON SEPTEMBER 3, 1944: THE COLOUR PRESENTED BY THE CITY OF BRUSSELS.



A RELIC OF THE REGIMENT'S EARLY DAYS: THE ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR THE TWELVE COLOURS ORDERED BY CHARLES II IN 1661.



USED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN THE PENINSULAR WAR AND AT WATERLOO: A CAMPAIGNING DRESSING-CASE MADE IN PARIS IN 1772.



MEMENTOES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON; INCLUDING HIS UNDRESS UNIFORM BOOTS AND CAP AND A NIGHTCAP AND SHIRT WORN BY HIM. THE GRENADIER GUARDS' TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL JUNE 23.

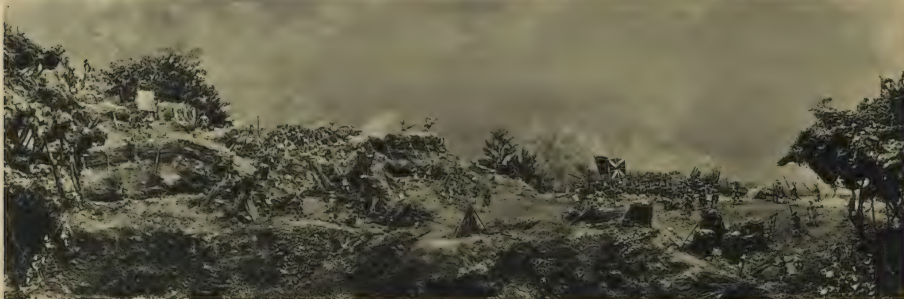
Three hundred years ago Charles II founded the Regiment which is now known as "The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards," a title won at the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. To commemorate the tercentenary of the Regiment, an exhibition has been organised, which is to be seen at St. James's Palace until June 23. A great variety of exhibits,

ranging from paintings and prints to personal relics of members of the Regiment, has been gathered together to trace the history of this great Regiment. The Queen is among those who have lent pieces to the exhibition. A striking feature of the display is "The Colonels' Gallery," where a portrait of each of the twenty Colonels of the Regiment is hung.

THE GRENADIER GUARDS: THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF PROUD TRADITION. DIORAMAS OF OUTSTANDING ACTIONS AT THE TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION.



KING CHARLES II RIDING THROUGH THE CAMP OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF GUARDS OUTSIDE BRUGES IN 1656. ONE OF THE SIX DIORAMAS OF FAMOUS EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE REGIMENT TO BE SEEN AT THE GRENADIER GUARDS' TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



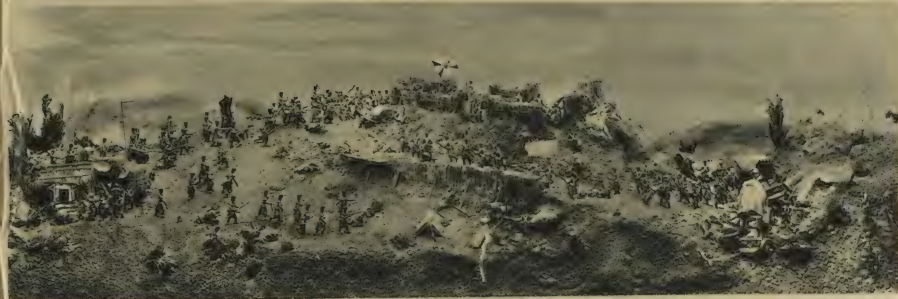
FIGHTING UNDER THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, A FORMER MEMBER OF THE REGIMENT, AT BLENHEIM: THE STORMING OF THE HEIGHTS OF SCHELLENBERG BY THE 1ST BATTALION FIRST GUARDS, WHO LED THIS VITAL ASSAULT ON JULY 2, 1704.



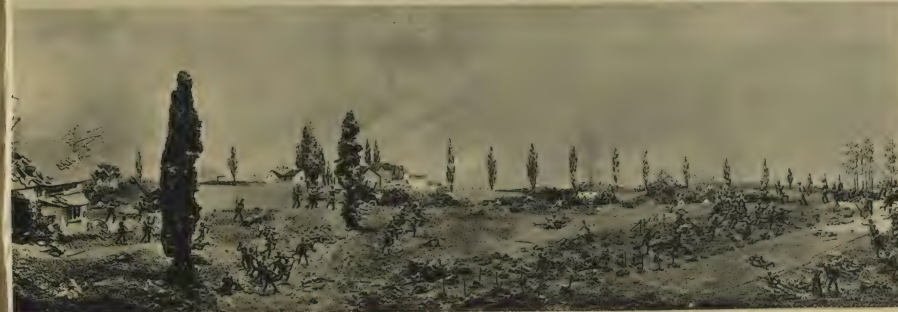
THE ACTION IN WHICH THE REGIMENT GAINED ITS PRESENT TITLE OF "THE GRENADIER GUARDS": THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH IMPERIAL GUARD BY THE 2ND AND 3RD BATTALIONS OF THE FIRST GUARDS AT WATERLOO, JUNE 18, 1815.

This year the Grenadier Guards celebrate the tercentenary of their foundation. To mark this occasion a most interesting exhibition has been arranged which strikingly illustrates the history and traditions of this proud regiment. The Grenadier Guards' Tercentenary Exhibition is to be seen at St. James's Palace, by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen, until June 23. Included in the exhibition are the six dioramas reproduced on these pages. Depicting six famous scenes in the Regiment's history, they were presented to the Regiment in memory of Brigadier-General Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Bt, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Grenadier Guards. These dioramas were made by Denny C. Stokes and the figures by J. A. Greenwood and Miss K. N. Ball. They are shown in the same room as the portraits of the twenty Colonels of the Regiment, which the visitor reaches after having seen the sections of general exhibits outlining the history of the Regiment. Thus in this last room but one of the exhibition the whole splendid history of the Grenadier Guards, illustrated in some detail in earlier rooms, may be surveyed more briefly

in these dioramas and the portraits. In May 1656 King Charles II, an exile in Flanders while the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, was in power, formed his Royal Regiment of Guards at Bruges, with Lord Wentworth as its Colonel. The first diorama (top left) shows Charles II visiting his regiment outside Bruges. After the Restoration of 1660 a second Royal Regiment of Guards was formed in England. Following Lord Wentworth's death, both Regiments were incorporated into a single Regiment in 1665. This Regiment had twenty-four Companies and was later known as "The First Regiment of Foot Guards." Two years later a new Ensign, who was to become Colonel of the Regiment, joined the King's Company. This was John Churchill, who, as Duke of Marlborough, led the brilliant campaigns of the Wars of the Spanish Succession in which his former Regiment excelled itself. As is shown in the second diorama (centre left), the Regiment played a vital part in the famous Battle of Blenheim in 1704. It was during the Napoleonic Wars of a century later that the Regiment won its present title.



THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN THE CRIMEAN WAR JUST OVER A CENTURY AGO: THE ASSAULT OF THE SANDBAG BATTERY AT INKERMAN BY THE 3RD BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS, ON NOVEMBER 5, 1854.



THE ACTION IN WHICH CAPTAIN PRYCE WON THE VICTORIA CROSS WHILST IN COMMAND OF NO. 2 COMPANY, 4TH BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS, AT LA COURONNE, APRIL 13, 1918. THE REGIMENT HAS THE PROUD RECORD OF HAVING WON THIRTEEN VICTORIA CROSSES.



THE TRADITION CARRIED ON IN MODERN WARFARE: THE ATTACK BY THE KING'S COMPANY, 1ST (MOTOR) BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS, AND BY NO. 2 SQUADRON, 2ND (ARMoured) BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS, AT PONT-A-MARCO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1944, DURING THE ADVANCE TO LIBERATE BRUSSELS.

It had already excelled itself in many of the campaigns of these years, but its greatest moment of glory was to come in the final battle of the war, at Waterloo, on June 18, 1815. In the evening of that great day Napoleon directed the assault of his renowned Imperial Guard, which he had hitherto held in reserve, against a ridge which was sheltering Wellington's army. This was being held by two battalions of the 1st Guards, and the assault was utterly defeated. In honour of their victory over the French Grenadiers, the 1st Guards were made a Regiment of Grenadiers, and given the title "First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards," which they still bear to-day. This notable occasion is recorded in the third diorama (bottom left). The Grenadier Guards' part in the Crimean War is illustrated in the fourth diorama (top right), which shows the rôle they played in the Battle of Inkerman in November 1854. During the Crimea campaigns four Victoria Crosses were won by members of the Regiment, while World War I added seven V.C.s to the Regiment's total, which now numbers thirteen. The fifth

diorama (centre right) shows the action at La Couronne on April 13, 1918, during which Captain Pryce won his Victoria Cross. The Regiment suffered 12,000 casualties during the Great War and gained a number of battle honours, including the Marne, Ypres, the Somme and the Hindenburg Line. In World War II the 2nd and 4th Battalions were converted to armour while the 1st became a Motor Battalion. The last diorama (bottom right) shows the part played by the 1st and 2nd Battalions in the advance on Brussels in 1944. In its 300 years of existence the Regiment has fought many campaigns in Flanders, where it was founded by a King in exile. It has also played a continuous rôle in the protection of the Sovereign, and since 1945, in the scarlet tunics and black bearskins of their ceremonial uniform, members of the Grenadier Guards have again become a familiar sight to Londoners. The Tercentenary Exhibition gives an opportunity to see behind the scenes and to discover the traditions and history behind the immaculate files of Grenadiers who to-day continue to represent this outstanding Regiment.

THE ROMANTIC IN REMBRANDT: PAINTINGS IN THE SUPERB EXHIBITION NOW AT AMSTERDAM.



"THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS": IN THE REMBRANDT ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION. (Panel; 15½ by 16½ ins.) (Musée Jacquemart-André, Paris.)

REMBRANDT HARMENSZ VAN RIJN was born at Leyden on July 15, 1606. To mark the 350th anniversary of his birth a series of outstanding exhibitions has been arranged in Holland. A loan exhibition of paintings, a selection from which is reproduced on these pages, is to be seen at the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, until August 5. At the same time an exhibition of etchings is being shown in another part of the same museum. Meanwhile, at the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, over 250 drawings by Rembrandt are being exhibited, also until Aug. 5. From Aug. 8 to Oct. 21 the Rotterdam exhibition will be shown in Amsterdam, and the two Amsterdam

[Continued below.]



"THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST." SIGNED AND DATED 1639. (Canvas on panel; 37 by 27½ ins.) (Pinakothek, Munich.)



"THE REST ON THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT." SIGNED AND DATED 1647. (Panel; 13½ by 18½ ins.) (National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin.)



"DIANA AND HER NYMPHS," SHOWING ITALIAN INFLUENCES. SIGNED AND DATED 1635. (Canvas; 29 by 36½ ins.) (Fürst zu Salm-Salm, Westphalia.)



(Left.) "CHRIST AT THE COLUMN." REMBRANDT WAS ALWAYS GREATLY FASCINATED BY THE EVENTS OF THE PASSION OF CHRIST, ESPECIALLY IN HIS LATER YEARS. SIGNED AND DATED 1658. (Canvas; 36½ by 28½ ins.) (Hessisches Landesmuseum, Darmstadt.)

(Right.) "NOLI ME TANGERE." THERE IS A STRIKING DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THIS PAINTING AND ANOTHER OF THE SAME SUBJECT, PAINTED THIRTEEN YEARS EARLIER. SIGNED AND DATED 1651. (Canvas; 25½ by 31 ins.) (Herzog Anton Ulrich-Museum, Brunswick.)



[Continued.] exhibitions may be seen in Rotterdam. Thus Holland is paying its tribute to the greatest of its many great artists. The exhibition of paintings has been drawn from collections in many countries, and ranges from an early work, painted when Rembrandt was only twenty, to one painted in 1669, the last year of his life. The exhibition is arranged chronologically and gives a superb opportunity to study Rembrandt's development from the rather stiff and formal drawing of the earliest painting, "Tobit and his Wife with the Kid," to the unfinished but masterly

[Continued above.]

ATMOSPHERE AND DRAMA IN PAINT: MASTERPIECES IN THE REMBRANDT ANNIVERSARY EXHIBITION.

Continued.]

"Simeon in the Temple," which is probably the last painting by Rembrandt. Rembrandt is best known for his portraits which display both his power of interpretation of the human character and his masterly treatment of light. But, as is shown in the paintings reproduced here, these qualities are also to be found at their best in his more romantic paintings, in which they are combined with his superb ability of composition to achieve great atmosphere, emotion and occasionally mystery. It is the addition of

[Continued below.]



"THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE," WHICH SHOWS REMBRANDT'S SUPERB HANDLING OF LIGHT. (Panel ; 23½ by 19 ins.) (The Mauritshuis, The Hague.)



"THE ENTOMBMENT": A RAPID SKETCH FULL OF ATMOSPHERE. THERE ARE 101 PAINTINGS IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION NOW AT AMSTERDAM. (Panel ; 12½ by 16 ins.) (The University of Glasgow, Hunterian Collection.)



"THE CONCORD OF THE STATE," AN ALLEGORY IN WHICH REMBRANDT PROBABLY WISHED TO EXPRESS THE NEED FOR UNITY AGAINST THE COMMON SPANISH ENEMY. (Panel ; 29½ by 39½ ins.) (The Boymans Museum, Rotterdam.)



"JUDAS RETURNING THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER," AN EARLY WORK WHICH WAS ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED AT THE TIME. SIGNED AND DATED 1629. (Canvas ; 33½ by 52 ins.) (The Marquis and Marchioness of Normanby.)



(Left.) "THE HOLY FAMILY" (KNOWN AS "THE CRADLE"). THE STRANGE SHADOWS ARE THROWN ON TO THE WALL BY THE LOW LIGHT. (Panel ; 23½ by 30½ ins.) (Major W. M. P. Kincaid Lennox.)

(Right.) "THE RAISING OF LAZARUS." THIS WONDERFUL EXHIBITION MAY BE SEEN AT AMSTERDAM UNTIL AUGUST 5, AND THEN AT ROTTERDAM UNTIL OCTOBER 21. (Panel ; 36½ by 32 ins.) (The Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.)



Continued.]

this romantic element to the traditional Dutch mastery of drawing and colour which makes the work of Rembrandt so outstanding. A painting such as "The Holy Family" (reproduced above) shows these qualities at their best. This was painted in about 1644, some three years after the death of Rembrandt's wife, Saskia. The years of this marriage were also the years of Rembrandt's greatest prosperity. These outstanding exhibitions are recorded in superbly-produced catalogues, which will surely become valuable works of reference.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

GENTLE LADY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

NORMALLY, any actress chosen for Desdemona must turn pale and wilt a little. "Ah, well!" she says to herself, "It had to come, I suppose. Bear up!" Desdemona has the reputation of being the palest part among the Shakespearian heroines. A little clinging, a moan, a song, strangulation: there you are. Writers talk unkindly of junkets and milk-puddings. After the theatre a critic finds the word "spiritless" coming unbidden to his lips. Poor tragic Desdemona:



COLETTE'S TALE AND ANITA LOOS' PLAY: "GIGI" (NEW THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH GIGI (LESLIE CARON) SHOCKS HER AUNT ALICIA (ESTELLE WINWOOD), AND WINS THE APPROVAL OF VICTOR (ESME PERCY).

she is a girl trapped in a power-house. Not much can be left of Brabantio's daughter when Othello and Iago have fought out the night.

Unfair, I agree, but there it is. I am sure triumphant Desdemonas have taken triumphant calls; but, somehow, they do not dwell in record. Tradition tyrannises. "Another 'Othello'," we say. "Yes, yes—who is Othello, and who is Iago? . . . And Emilia? . . ." A long pause. Then, guiltily: "Oh, of course, Desdemona, too!" Of course, Desdemona: poor soul.

That is why, just returned from Stratford-upon-Avon, I remember in excitement a Desdemona who nearly bore off the play. It may be that Margaret Johnston has here established a new order for Desdemonas. Certainly, in future, we shall compare any actress with Miss Johnston's performance at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on this cold May night. I don't know whether she had read Helen Faucit on the part. As a rule, I do not go for enlightenment to Miss Faucit's "Shakespeare's Female Characters"; but she said things about Desdemona that ought to be recalled. Thus Miss Faucit did not regard the girl as "a merely amiable, simple, yielding creature." She wrote:

To me Desdemona was in all things worthy to be a hero's bride, and deserving the highest love, reverence, and gratitude from the noble Moor. "Gentle" she was, no doubt (the strong are naturally gentle), and Othello in one place calls her so. But he uses the epithet in the Italian and old English sense, implying that union of nobility of person and of disposition which shows itself in an unconscious grace of movement and outward appearance.

Good; that might be written of Margaret Johnston. This fresh, courageous Desdemona is, without fuss, what Cassio says she is. Moreover, she is as spirited as she is affectionate. With a sudden start I realised all was well when she

entered before the Doge and spoke her first lines. At the words, "So much I challenge that I may profess Due to the Moor my lord," there was a lift of the head, a light in the eye. Desdemona was no cipher: she was a wife to excel "the quirks of blazoning pens." As the night went on, she was deeply in love, and she suffered as deeply. I did not think of her for a moment as pallid, a wan lily, a drooping decoration of the stage. She was proud to be Othello's wife, distressed by his suspicion and anger, and horrified by his ultimate insult before Lodovico when he struck her, crying "O devil! devil!"

I have never known in the theatre a more moving storm of sobs. For a moment, when she is struck, this Desdemona is dazed: her mouth wavers; then, after that pang of silent horror, she bursts into most bitter weeping. Presently (dismissed again, after Othello's rough summons back) she moves out in tears. It is not stage weeping: the forced sob that is as tiresome as a stage laugh. It is the grief of a proud and loving girl whose pride and love have been shattered. The last scenes, too, have not been done better in memory: this is a performance that, in a night, has re-established a part and burnished an artist's name.

For once we did not regard Othello and Iago as two actors in conflict. Both Harry Andrews and Emlyn Williams acted with expected ability, if without the final prickle of excitement. Mr. Andrews, a dignified, tawny Moor, held and kept our sympathy: he did not achieve the Othello music or the height of Othello's passion. Mr. Williams, a stocky, black-browed, black-bearded devil with an enunciation like the scorch of a hot iron, was always urgent theatrically, though he could not persuade me that my dreams would be haunted. Still, a good performance: one that justified Harley Granville-Barker's belief—registered in 1940—that Emlyn Williams would do "a robustly conscienceless Iago very well."

Some other apt playing—by Diana Churchill, a nervously powerful Emilia; Mark Dignam (the Duke), Andrew Faulds (Lodovico)—and a production by Glen Byam Shaw that was always clear and

forcible and fully logical, sustained us through the most fruitful night so far in the Stratford season. The more I think of it, the brighter Desdemona shines. What did Wordsworth say?

There find I personal themes, a piteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

For me, then, the gentle lady married to the Moor. Miss Johnston's Portia had not prepared me for this: I shall wait now for Isabella in August.

I wish I could be comparably excited about "Gigi" at the New Theatre. Leslie Caron is an actress with a quick, eager attack. But I did not really mind one *son* whether this sixteen-year-old girl from the Paris of 1900 married a young sugar-merchant or followed her family tradition of being expensively "kept" without bothering about marriage. In effect, "always a mistress, never a wife." Anita Loos (who has taken the play from the Colette novel) has toiled with goodwill: it is hard to be actively distressed by the little piece, but equally hard to be an active admirer. The quality of the performance is intermittent: I enjoyed some decorations by Esmé Percy (with his uncanny sense of period) and Kathleen Michael as the silly singing mother. If ever a play has needed a sub-plot, this is it. The dramatist has been oppressively single-minded; and, in spite of Leslie Caron's acting, we do want something to detach us from dear Gigi now and again. Perhaps that was why I found myself welcoming Jessie



"A PROMISING NEW KENNETH MACMILLAN BALLET ABOUT NIGHTMARES": "SOMNAMBULISM" (SADLER'S WELLS), WHICH HAD ITS FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE ON MAY 29. THE MUSIC IS BY MR. STAN KENTON.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GIGI" (New Theatre).—This is Colette's tale of the Parisian family of gold-diggers—diamond-diggers, rather—and its hope that little Gigi will grow up in the right way. It is the year 1900. Gigi must understand that a girl in her position should be "kept." She refuses to understand: hence the progress of a mild comedy to its only possible solution: Gigi must have her own matrimonial way. Leslie Caron graces her material (Anita Loos wrote the play, Colette the novel); and such actresses as Ena Burrill, Estelle Winwood (though she begins thinly), and Kathleen Michael support an evening that needs as much aid as possible. (May 23.)

"THE SKIN AROUND US" (New Lindsey).—A very odd venture in the higher psychology. (May 24.)

"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Open Air).—Belinda Lee sports for our delight through another Regent's Park Arden established by Robert Atkins with his invariable understanding. This is Mr. Atkins's jubilee year on the stage. May the sun shine for a loved Shakespearian. (May 28.)

"OTHELLO" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The production that will be remembered for Margaret Johnston's Desdemona, "cunning'st pattern of excellent nature," a performance that has broken at last through the conventions. Here indeed are courage and spirit: a true and moving performance. Harry Andrews and Emlyn Williams can establish a sympathetic Othello and a malign Iago, though each needs more variation; and Glen Byam Shaw has produced with a splendid simplicity in Motley's framework. (May 29.)

"SOMNAMBULISM" (Sadler's Wells).—A promising new Kenneth MacMillan ballet about nightmares, included in a quadruple opening programme by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. (May 29.)

Evans's housemaid as she recalled "a quite exceptional plumber," and wishing vainly that we might see the man.

Since "The Skin Around Us" is now only a wild memory, I cannot say much about it; but, for the sake of collectors, I cannot refrain from mentioning a play which expresses gratitude to a research unit in psychodynamics "for help and advice in relation to the dream function within the community at the present time." The play, we had been told, would deal vividly with "the emotional problems of the younger generation in a hydrogen-bomb era." Well . . . maybe. A distinguished colleague and myself sat in startled dismay as the third act toiled through what I fancy was the least communicable scene in the playgoing of recent years. I remembered Gilbert's Lady Jane: "I droop despairingly . . . I am limp, and I cling." Which, when one thinks of it, is an apt description of the Desdemona that Margaret Johnston, at Stratford, has now unseated, I hope for ever.

THE 2500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BUDDHA'S DEATH: HOLY PLACES.

AT LUMBINI, NOW IN THE NEPAL THERAI: THE BIRTHPLACE OF GAUTAMA, THE BUDDHA, WHO WAS BORN TO A LIFE OF LUXURY AND EASE.



AT SARNATH: THE BASE OF THE COLUMN ERECTED IN THE THIRD CENTURY B.C. TO MARK THE SITE OF THE BUDDHA'S FIRST PREACHING.

MAY 24, the full moon of May, marked the date on which, according to Buddhist tradition, Prince Siddhartha, the future Buddha, was born, attained Enlightenment, and finally died at the age of eighty. This year Buddhists all over the world are observing the 2500th anniversary of the death of the Buddha, whose teaching is followed by many millions of people. Celebrations in London included a public meeting at Ceylon House; a broadcast by Mr. Christmas Humphreys on "the significance of Buddha Jayanti" and a public meeting at the Conway Hall. On this page we show photographs of three of the major sanctuaries associated with the Buddha's life. Lumbini, now in the Nepal Therai, where the Buddha was born; the temple and tower at Buddha Gaya, in Bihar, where the young Gautama,



THE PLACE OF THE BUDDHA'S ENLIGHTENMENT: THE TEMPLE AND TOWER AT BUDDHA GAYA, ENCASING AN EARLIER TOWER BUILT BY THE EMPEROR ASOKA.

meditating under the trees of Bodhi, attained "enlightenment and quality of Buddha after seven years of mental conflict and penance"; and the site in the deer park at Sarnath, near Benares, India, of the Buddha's first preaching, when he "set in motion the Wheel of the Law" and taught "the four Truths and the Noble Eightfold Way." The photograph shows the base of the column which was erected by the Emperor Asoka in the third century B.C. to mark the place of the first sermon.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WE are now back on the faint, fictitious line between fiction and autobiography; and no one could help seeing that "The Bridgeburn Days," by Lucy Sinclair (Gollancz; 16s.), really belongs on the other side. Still, as it declines to own up—as the central little girl is not "I," but "Kitty Barrowell"—it may lawfully be classed as fiction. If one likes, that is; and as a matter of fact, anyone would like. The "story" is too exceptional and charming to keep one's hands off.

It is about a child growing up in a cottage "foster-home" in the North Country. There are twelve houses in the colony, seven for girls and five for boys: all the girls being trained as domestic servants, and the boys for the land. Kitty belongs to number six—"our house," ruled with a rod of iron by Our Ma. Just under her comes the housegirl, one of the "left schools," also with a rod of iron. And then the other big girls. Then the middling ones, who only do what the big girls say. And finally the little ones, who go to bed first and have to do as everyone says. Kitty is in this repressed group for years and years. Unlike some of the children, she has no visitors. She has no home to look back on. Bridgeburn is her world; and "folk outside the place" are only a byword. Sometimes they "won't stand for that." Sometimes they would be glad of it—but they are glad of so many queer things. "There were folk outside the place who would be glad of anything left at the side of the plate, even."

This is not a glum record; on the contrary, it has enchantment peculiar to early memories, with the added charm of idiosyncrasy. To the infant Kitty, everything in the Bridgeburn routine is "so right and proper." And even later, while resenting its scheme of "work and punishment," and deeply unhappy, she remains houseproud. "Our house" is the cleanest of the lot. Our Ma is the heaviest-handed and the strictest foster-mother; and paradoxically, hers are the nicest girls. Kitty begins to understand this on becoming a housegirl herself: the one who intended to be so different. Her tale is nevertheless designed as a cry of protest; and there are a few hauntingly pathetic details, like the small cortège of "workhouse mothers" on the first Saturday in the month. Yet they have uphill work, against the limpid, humorous evocation of the years of innocence.

OTHER FICTION.

While this story is a book-in-itself which you may choose to call fiction, "The Hosanna Man," by Philip Callow (Jonathan Cape; 13s. 6d.) is fiction *mangé*. In other words, a pure-bred first novel. Of late we don't get so many of them, and in any case this one would stand out. But it has no real structure; it is simply a dollop of incident and experience from—of course—the life of a young man. Here he is Louis Paul, a Midlander of working-class origin and artistic bent, struggling to "get into life," and therefore involved in a harassing, half-bogus love affair with a married woman. She has now commanded him to stop writing; so on impulse he goes to live in Nottingham, which is her home town. There, lodging depressingly with a retired miner and his wife, he stumbles on an advertisement in which "four men, creative, spiritual group" appeal for financial backing. They turn out to be working-class like himself, trying for the same vague thing; and at first he can almost regard Jack Kelvin, the "hosanna man," as the desired leader. For Kelvin is a leader of sorts: a kind of irresistible prophet-clown, chock full of theories and vitality, but with no direction. So he won't do for a constancy. But meanwhile the tyro has sloughed off his obsession with Stella, and found a more likely girl.

This novel attracts by the excellence and sincerity, and therefore freshness, of all its detail. It is all equally original and well finished. Only none of it is in aid of anything. Not this time.

"The Second Man," by Edward Grierson (Chatto and Windus; 13s. 6d.), is a rather quiet, really distinguished crime novel, offering the singularity of a woman lawyer. In the Maudsley case, she *knows* her deplorably shifty client was not the "man on the stairs." She even knows what happened—without a shred of evidence. Just once, this conviction is too much for her self-control; and it may be rather too womanly for the reader, who will understand why she encountered sex prejudice. And yet the story has a rare quality of muted yet sustained tension, and an unusually attractive and lifelike suspect.

"Butcher, Baker, Murder-Maker" (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), edited by George Harmon Coxe, is a new "Mystery Writers of America" collection. The tales are not *all* American; and one, by Maurice Procter, is not even a crime story, but a comic fairytale. Perversely, I enjoyed this one most. Then there is a real detective job, by Michael Gilbert: a Maigret-in-Paris story: an Ellery Queen, both typical and first-rate; a Chandler so Chandler that it defeated me: portrait of an *enfant terrible*, by Patrick Quentin . . . and so on. Everything from the gruesome to the gay: from a Cree guide in the Rockies to a professional conjurer disappearing from a telephone booth. And mostly on a high level.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CHESS is undoubtedly the most truly international game in the world. The postman brings me letters from Morocco and Mauritius, Helsinki and Hawaii. . . .

Only China and Japan have put up a certain resistance—not complete, for correspondents have told me of chess clubs in Kobe and pre-war Nagasaki; in Canton, Tientsin, Shanghai and, of course, Hong-Kong—but sufficiently obvious to arouse enquiry.

A letter from Sir Robert Robinson last week reminded me of the reasons for the far Orient's successful stand.

Sir Robert is a first-rate chess-player, a past president of the British Chess Federation and a devotee of kriegspiel, that queer offshoot of chess in which each player can only guess what moves his opponent has made, on the basis of what happens as he plays. If I publish a really tantalising piece of chess analysis, as likely as not the next morning's post will bring an attempted refutation from him, disconcertingly near the mark.

Chess has been called "a life in itself." Goethe gave it up because he feared it would leave him no time for anything else. Sir Robert, far from abandoning anything else, has established himself as one of the world's leading organic chemists, a president of the Royal Society and winner of the Nobel prize (and withal, kind as they make 'em! As a struggling research chemist early in the war, on the strength of a then very slight acquaintance, I wrote asking could he help me in a troublesome problem, synthesis of γ -nonyl-lactone. By return of post came three pages of suggestions!).

Why don't China and Japan fall for our chess? Because they have a better, deeper and possibly more beautiful game of their own: "Go."

Sir Robert's letter enclosed a copy of a periodical *The Japanese Go Journal*; new to me, and vastly intriguing.

"Go" is obviously played on the intersections of a 19-by-19-ruled board. All the men are alike, and capture is by surrounding.

Four games, given with notes, are of 175, 230, 257 and 254 moves respectively. Compared with the thirty to forty moves of an average game of chess, this at once suggests greater complexity—even though further scrutiny reveals that, for true comparison, the Jap figures should be halved, as a White move and Black's reply are counted two.

Divest yourself of any impression that the individual moves demand less cogitation. "W spent more than an hour on this move," reads one note. An average game must last all day.

Many of the notes are a fascinating echo of those you might read in this column any week: "A has improved his position markedly"; "An alternative is —; if then B plays —, W can answer with —"; "An unexpected counter which refutes W's —"

Again: "Suginchi commented after the game that he should have played H 10." How horribly familiar!

On the other hand, others hint of strange new worlds: "Preventing W's shimari in the south-west corner"; or "This gave Black the chance to play a good hasami at Q12" or "Uchikomi at C9 would have been better"; or "If W tenuki, B would play D4."

All rather abashing, when chess seems so hard!

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SOME FAMOUS ANTIQUITIES; AND THE CASEMENT STORY.

MR. RENÉ MACCOLL'S book "Roger Casement—A New Judgment" (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.) has revived controversy on both sides of the Irish Sea. Mr. MacColl, who in his professional capacity is a brilliant reporter, has approached his subject dispassionately. He is, as he points out, neither English nor Irish, but a Scot. As he says: "I hold no brief. I plead no cause. I grind no axe. I simply set out to try to establish the truth about the late Roger Casement." Has he succeeded? I think so, as far as it has been open to any man to look into the mind of an extraordinary creature forty years dead, and to get to know him when probably he did not know himself. There can seldom have been such a mass of contradictions as the

man who was Roger Casement. To begin with, he was not really Irish. His family came from Antrim via the Isle of Man. Like his friend the Countess Markievicz, like Erskine Childers, like (if one may whisper it) Mr. De Valera himself, there was scarcely a drop of Celtic Irish blood in his veins. Yet, like so many planters and others of non-Irish descent who have espoused the cause of Irish freedom, he was *hibernis ipsis hibernior*. Not the most violent Fenian could have been more bitter in his denunciation and hatred of the British. Yet, like Erskine Childers, he served the British well and brilliantly in the Consular Service. Throughout he appears to have been a schizophrenic. Thus when he received his well-deserved knighthood he wrote to Mrs. John Richard Green, saying that he hated receiving it: "How should I have rejoiced if I could have said to the King what is really in my heart instead of the perfunctory words of thanks (cold and formal enough) I have said." In actual fact, his "cold and formal" letter to Sir Edward Grey has all the obsequious unctuousness of a courtier. He had an unhappily fulsome turn of phrase on such occasions, which reaches its most nauseating in the letter he wrote on January 27, 1916, to Count von Wedel on the occasion of the birthday of the German Emperor. In his two great expeditions, which showed up the atrocities in the Congo and the Putomayo and which made his reputation, he showed himself to be a man of great physical and moral courage and determination. Yet nothing could have been more farcical (if one can use such a word of a tragedy) than his pathetic attempts to raise an Irish brigade from the captured Irish prisoners in Germany. Never has a rebellion possessed a more high-minded and, at the same time, a less effective leader. Even if the Germans, who were heartily weary of him by the time they put him into the submarine for his nightmare journey to Ireland, had not let him down, the 1916 rebellion could not in the nature of things have succeeded. Mr. MacColl tells the story of his trial with clarity and sympathy, and of his last days, his last interviews and his last letters, with pity. Whether the British Government was wise in not commuting the death sentence will be forever debatable. Whether they were unfairly weighing the scales against Casement by the circulation of the "black diaries," dealing with his homosexuality, is again another matter. What emerges from Mr. MacColl's book is that Casement was at the same time one of the most tragic and pathetic figures of this century. Highly intelligent but stupid, vain but humble, double-faced yet sincere—a sad, sad man.

From Casement and his tortured espousal of the Irish cause, to Versailles, which enshrines the spirit of the *ancien régime* and which is a symbol of the factors leading to its downfall. As Sir Arthur Bryant, in his foreword to "Versailles," by Ian Dunlop (Batsford; 30s.), says: "To a lover of history, it is far more interesting than most architectural studies." For any lover of the eighteenth century, this book, beautifully produced and illustrated as one expects any Batsford book to be, will be a joy. Here one sees both the greatness of Louis XIV's conception of the beautiful "state within a state," which was Versailles, and the dangers inherent in it, which by its physical and spiritual withdrawal from the rest of France, largely contributed to the French Revolution. This is indeed a book to treasure.

Elizabeth and Wayland Young, the authors of "Old London Churches" (Faber; 63s.), have admirably selected the many lesser-known churches which are the glory of London and its suburbs, and illustrated them with photographs by A. F. Kersting, one of the finest photographers of ecclesiastical buildings. A lover of London and its architecture could do worse than to get in the car and, this book in hand, make a pilgrimage of even a small number of the churches here so well described and so excellently illustrated.

Mr. R. J. C. Atkinson, the author of "Stonehenge" (Hamish Hamilton; 16s.), for all the science with which archaeologists tend to blind us, must be working largely on conjecture. This is, I gather, the first book on Stonehenge to be written for twenty years. In the interval, much excavation and other exploratory archaeological work has increased our knowledge of the site. Mr. Atkinson's book is extremely interesting, ingenious and as convincing as anything on this occult subject can be.

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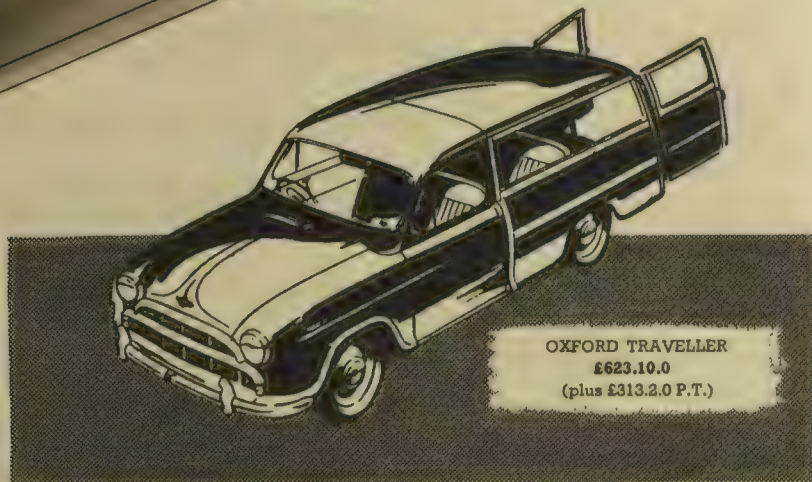
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The Lady Douglas of Kirtleside, wife of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, G.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., poses for a characteristic study by eminent photographer, Baron, in the sitting room of their modern flat in London. Lord Douglas was Commander-in-Chief of Fighter and Coastal Commands during the war. Later he was British Military Governor in Germany, and is now Chairman of B.E.A. Since her marriage last year, Lady Douglas has become a devotee of aviation: now she is learning to fly.



BARON: Now, Lady Douglas, I suppose I had better start right away—otherwise you'll be taking wing before I get you properly in focus.

LADY DOUGLAS: *Well, much as I love the air, I do come down to earth sometimes, Mr. Baron. Anyhow, I've finished my flying lesson for today . . . so we do have a little time. Can I tempt you to a cup of tea?*

BARON: Indeed, you can. I've been eyeing that exquisite service with a mixture of envy and anticipation. Italian, isn't it?

LADY DOUGLAS: *Yes, it is. My husband picked it up some years ago on one of his visits to Rome. Actually, I should have had Wedgwood on the table . . . you see, my mother is a great-niece of Josiah Wedgwood.*

BARON: Really? Then this will be your own special blend of tea, too, I'll wager.

LADY DOUGLAS: *Well, yes and no. Actually, it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest' blend. We like it very much, and the great thing is we can simply order it with the rest of the groceries. Always fresh and no fuss. Take sugar?*

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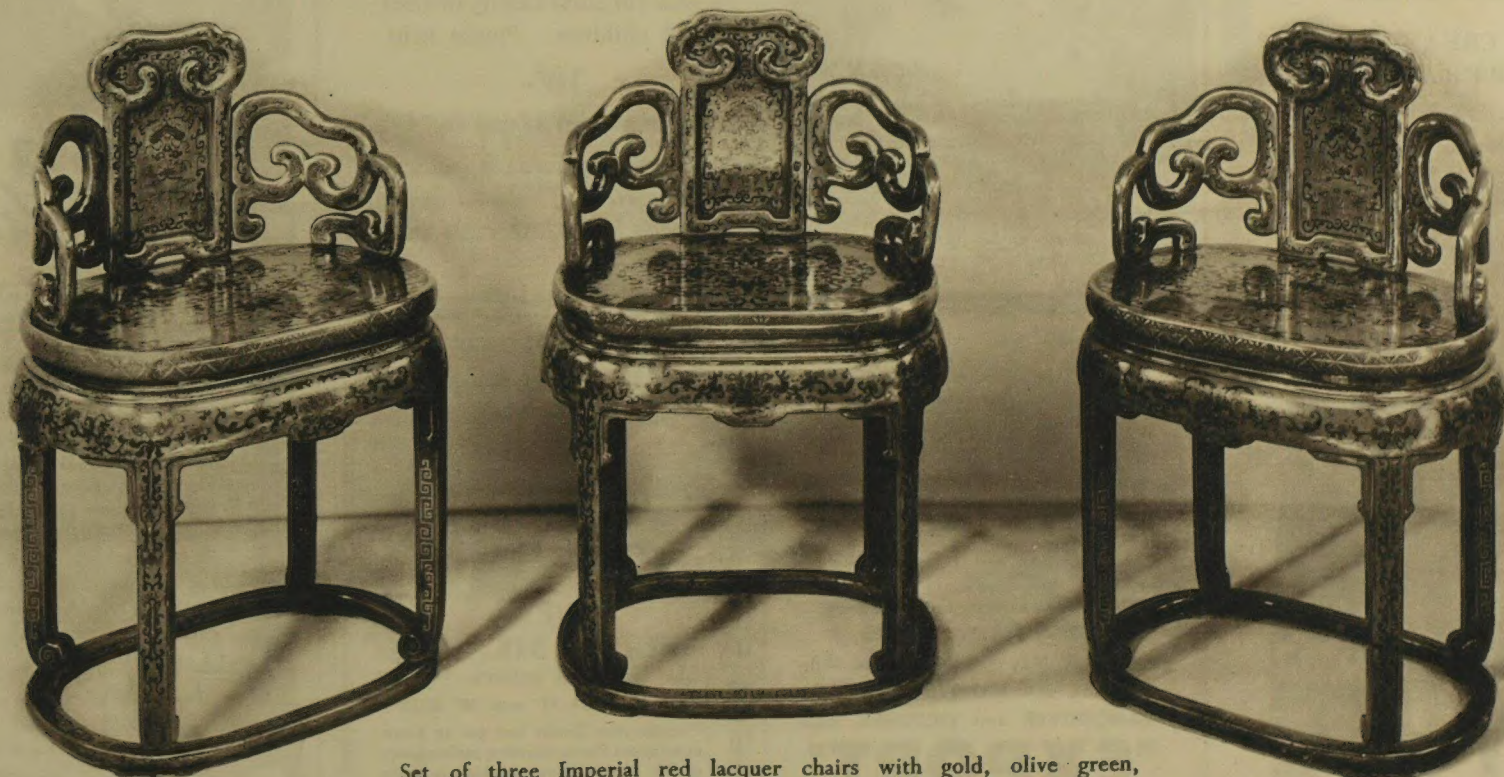
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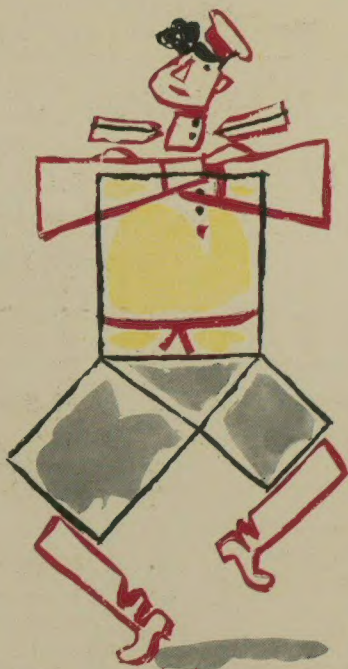
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reading Tolstoy and Dostoievsky as great literature rather than as significant pointers demonstrating trends in the social evolution of a corporate body towards its destined counterpoise in the pattern of the body corporate. Not unconnected with the above is a Five Day Plan for intermittently allowing yourself to wonder whether the names of the inventors of the microscope, the microphone, 'Annie Get Your Gun,' Macadam roads, and the Bridge of Pythagoras, really perhaps didn't absolutely certainly end in ov or ovitch. There is some support for a Five Minute Plan for getting up ten minutes late in the morning. And just occasionally we put in motion the Five Second Plan for being a person not absolutely clear about his motives and definitely indistinct about his political allegiance.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

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